

DRAMATIS PERSONA
L O V E

F O R

M O N E Y:

O R, T H E

Boarding School.

A

C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at

The Theatre Royal.

Written by Mr. **DURFEY.**

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Hindmarsh at the Golden-Ball against the Royal-Exchange, Abel Roper at the Mitre in Fleetstreet, and are to be sold by Randal Taylor near Stationers-Hall. 1691.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

Sir Rowland Rakehell A covetous mercenary, vicious & wearing atheistical Old Fellow, Uncle to *Amorous*, who by cheating an Infant Orphan to whom he was Guardian, possessed an Estate of 3000 l. a Year. By Mr. *Onderhill*.

Jack Amorous, a witty Extravagant of the Town, generous and well natur'd, but so extremely given to Women, that he keeps a Jilt, and has spent his Estate upon her. Mr. *Mounifort*.

Will. Merrison, A witty modest well-bred Gentleman, tho' of small fortune, a great lover of Learning, and skilled in Philosophy, Poetry and Musick. Mr. *Hodson*.

Old Merrison, his Father, an honest, Religious, conscientious Gentleman, that privately plac'd *Mirilla* in a Boarding-School, and maintains her unknown to Sir Rowland. Mr. *Freeman*.

Nedd Bragg alias Captain Bouncer, an impudent lying Town Sharper of infamous Birth and no Merit, yet being kept by Lady *Addleplot*, wears rich Cloaths, keeps high Company, and passes for a Captain. Mr. *Towell*.

Old Zachary, Father to Ned, an ignorant old blunt peevish Gravelleer of King William's Army, that by his stupid bluntness always blames his Son in Company, and hectors him into an allowance. M. *Bright*.

Deputy Nicompoop, Deputy of a Ward, a softly sneaking uxorious Citizen, Husband to Lady *Addleplot*, and ridiculously fond of her and the Romp his Daughter. Mr. *Dogget*.

Monsieur Le Exat, An impertinent, noisie, singing, dancing, prating French Fop, perpetually gabbling in Company, and crying up the Actions of the French King. Mr. *Bowen*.

A Singing Master. Mr. *Kirkham*.

A Dancing Master. Mr. *Bowman*.

A Presbyterian Parson. Mr. *Peire*.

W O M E N.

Lady Addleplot, A Lusty flaunting imperious Lady, a highflown Stickler against the Government, and always railing at it, in talking of Politicks. — Mr. *Anthony Leigh*.

Lady Snoddle, her Companion, a Papist and Grumbler. Mrs. *Richardson*.

Mirilla, The Orphan, witty, modest, and virtuous, kept privately at a Boarding School by *O. Merrison*, & true Heiress of 3000 l. a year. Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

Miss Jenny, Daughter to Lady *Addleplot*.

Miss Molly, Daughter to *Nicompoop* — two tawdry hoyden overgrown Romps of the Boarding School. Mrs. *Knight*, Mrs. *Davis*.

Benny Jiltalk, A cunning, singing, weeping, wheedling, toying, chattering, Mercenary Town Jilt, kept by *Amorous*, that imposes upon him, and preaches fondness merely for interest. Mrs. *Bulter*.

Cressick, Teacher to the Boarding School. Mrs. *Cory*.

Tearshaft, Woman to Lady *Addleplot*. Mrs. *Oshorn*.

Gyley, Woman to *Jiltalk*. Mrs. *Leigh*.

Constable, Musicians, Guards, Mob, Footmen, and Attendants.

The Scene *CHELSEY*, by the River. The time 36. hours.

To the Right Honourable.

Charles Lord Viscount Lansdown,

Count of the Sacred Roman Empire, Baron Glanville of Kilhampton, Lord Lieutenant of the Counties of Devon and Cornwall, and Governour of the Royal Cittadel and Town of Plymouth.

My LORD,

THO the Favour my generous and worthy Friends have done me in vindicating this COMEDY against the ridiculous Malice of a prejudic'd Party be very considerable, and I ought to be extremely well satisfied with my present good Fortune, yet is not my Contentment perfect, till I am so happy to lay it to your Feet; and by your unquestion'd Merit, Judgement and noble Patronage, secure the Credit of these printed Sheets in the reading, as the Applause of the Impartial, and Judicious, have already done in the Presentation.

The Character your Lordship leaves amongst all Persons of Honour and Worth, has encourag'd my Ambition to aspire to this honour; and tho' the Trifle which I humbly Dedicate to you, has not merit enough to defend me from being thought too presuming, yet the ambitious Desire and Zeal I have to serve your Lordship, and express my Gratitude for your abundant Favours all manner of ways, will I'm sure, by your generous Nature, that never frown'd on an addressing Author, nor discourag'd Wit, tho' in its meanest quality, be receiv'd as I intend it. I have too long had the Honour and Happiness to know your Lordship to be Ignorant of your great Modesty, when you are oblig'd to bear any thing relating to your own Praise; and I most humbly beg you to believe, that I have not so much of the Authors common Quality, and which we see so generally us'd in all Dedications, that I do pretend to flatter Merit like Tours, or offend your Eyes with an Encomium upon your Virtues, which perhaps no Poet has Wit or Skill enough to do you Justice in, and which your uncommon Modesty, and admir'd Humility I'm sure would discourage in us if we could.

The Panegyric Part then of a Dedication, which I confess I cannot for fear to think reasonable here, because I know it would be just in a manner quite laid aside, for what can I say in your Praise, that our little World here does not already know, your Early Courage and Bravery of Soul, has made its Course like the Sun, and in relation to Europe, has almost extended it self as far, especially where Honour was to be got, or any glorious Action was going forward; and as I believe 'tis impossible for any Person

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to give a better account of the Sieges of Vienna or Buda than your self, you omitting no Enterprize that could either signalize your Courage, or satisfy your Curiosity so 'tis as obvious to the World, that the Great Leopoldus by the glorious Spread Eagle, so royally bestowed and nobly added to your Household Coat, sufficiently gave a Testimony that nothing but extraordinary Worth could be capable of gaining such an Honour.

This my Lord is so poor a Diminution of so extensive a Merit, that I'm afraid I shall rather be accused of Injustice than Flattery: for saying any thing in your Praise could not be done without saying much more than this, especially should I consider like a right Author, that the Muses are as much oblig'd to you for your generous Intouragement and Protection, as your Country is for Loyalty, Love and Resolution.

To be Patron both of Arts and Arms is a Title my Lord worthy of you, and which the Actions of your Life daily demonstrate, that you will more and more deserve, for whilst the Sons of Mars admire your Experience in War, and the Sons of Apollo your acquirements of Wit and Judgment, no Name can appear fairer in the Book of Fame, nor no Worth better deserve to have a Subscription there.

And as I cannot, my Noble Lord, but think it very reasonable for extraordinary Persons to be rewarded with Blessings as extraordinary; so I cannot enough express my hearts entire Joy, that the very Best that Heaven can bestow is lately fallen upon you, in the possession of so much Verrue and Beauty, which to her lasting Fame is so gloriously exalted, that even Sacred Majesty, our never enough Remown'd Royall Mistress (than whom none is more Learn'd in the Eternal Volumes of Goodness,) is full of her Aplause, and that this extreamest Happiness which now you possess, may Crown your Days and Nights to all Eternity in the unseign'd and real bliss of

My LORD,

Your Lordships most humble

and most Devoted

T. DORFEX.

P R E F A C E

IF I were now half fluster'd with Drinking, and design'd to be malicious, as some of my back Friends were the first day this Play was Acted, I could make as ridiculous a description of their Behaviour in the Pit, as my Comick Characters make of others upon the Stage; but prejudice taking no effect, and I owning my self sober, resolve to desist from any Acts of Hostility in that kind; and could wish that my hissing Antagonists of the *Nimble Craft* had as ingeniously borne a little comical Diversion where no Reflection was singular, & which my courtesie & good nature took such care not to expose in any particular person, rather than by a noise exploding of what the Judges of Wit allow deserv'd it: nor do themselves that Injury which I never intended, by rendring themselves fit to be laugh'd at, for seeming to be nettled at what they might reasonably finde, if they had been pleas'd to consider it, could never give them occasion.

I confess, if what has been maliciously told to some Persons of Honour (Judges of Sense and Gratitude) to whom I've the happiness to be known, were true, *viz.* That I liv'd at a Boarding School near London all last Summer, and in return of their hospitable Civility, writ this Play ungratefully to expose 'em, I could not defend my self from being really as guilty as they must naturally think me; but my Stars were so happy to give an occasion of satisfying these noble persons to the contrary before the Play was acted; and I now think it reasonable to inform the Reader, and the Town in general, that I never was oblig'd more than for common Courtesies (*en passant*) to any of 'em, which I may fairly say I have equally return'd, and without Reflection upon their House keeping, in spite of Revolutions, have always been so lucky not to have the necessity of being troublesome to them for maintenance, or accept of any Courtesy which I could not, or did not, return.

And tho' after the poor and envious Injury of endeavouring to explode a thing right or wrong, I ought to be proud of my Conquest, which has done me the favour of shewing not only the power, but number of my Friends, and totally at their own Weapon routed my Enemies, yet will I not expose my self by an unnecessary boast, nor side with them in their opinion that this Comedy was written purposely to reflect on a particular Family to whom I had a prejudice, for

I utterly

P R E F A C E.

I utterly disown any such thing; for had prejudice excited me, I might have fix'd my Characters accordingly, and given some occasion to 'em to be exasperated, which I'm sure my Comedy has not done, all the Scenes being general, and no Character nor Dress shewn particularly; nor can any Poet be blam'd for shewing this new humour of a School, when even our Senate House, nay the Church, have been contented to suffer themselves to be the Subject of our Comical Diversions; and as to the painted Scene which some cavil at, it might have been *Tork* as well as *Chelſy*, if the Beauty of the Place had not given me occasion to fix there.

And now to shew that even our little Railery in Plays, tho' intended meerly for mirth only, yet have power to disturb even the Men and Women of the greatest Sense, who are byals'd by other people who mischeivously resolve to place the Reflexion upon the wrong persons, it has been to my amazement told me, that some Words in the beginning of Lady *Addleplot's* part, reflect upon a certain noble person now in distress, whom by all that's sacred I am and ever was so far from reflecting on, or doing the least unmanner'd Injury in that kind, that I'm sorry from my Soul for his Misfortune; and if they please to consider of the time when this Play was written, being in *June* last, they will find 'tis impossible for him, amongst all mankind, to be the Subject of that Scene, which touches no particular, nor person of Quality, but common *Ruffians* in general.

As to the Comedy it self, the Success it has had is so well known, that I need give no further relation, only I must acknowledge my self sensibly oblig'd both to the Patentes and Sharers for dressing it so well, and to all the Actors in general for their extraordinary performance. And as Comedy is no never so good, lessens it self to the Reader wanting its taking Ornament of Action; so if this chance to meet with moderate liking from the Judicious, and those that have so generally appear'd my Friends, I shall beg leave to make use of a *Complet* of the late famous *Earl of Rochester*, and say

*If but some few whom I omit to name
Approve my sense, I count their Censure, Fame.*

PROLOGUE.

When Criticks come resolv'd to damn a Muse,
What Wit can please, what Prologue can excuse?
'Tis vain endeavour to unblind their eyes;
Of such inveterate force is prejudice,

Poor harmless Plays can draw a party's hate
As if 'twere Revolution of a State:

And with such force your Batteries are engag'd,
As if you took the Stage for *Mons*, besieg'd.

If in a character a Fool we shew,
'Tis ten to one it angers some Town Beau;

Or if some boyst'rous Females Rampant Tricks
That Cuckolds Husbands, and talks Politicks,

As *Lees* part now—that straight must needs abuse
Some Stickler in the Ladies Coffee House,

Tho' no Reflection is intended here,
And I dare swear the Poet ne're was there.

Or if we shew the humours of a School
Offending none, Still some will play the Fool;

Some dancing Critick, in despite of Wit,
Shall swear, we do it to offend his Kitt,

And rashly his dull City friend possess,
That our Romps here—are meant his Babes of Grace;

Tho' all true Judges no Reflection find,
And nothing but diversion is design'd.

The Poet thinks then, finding that this is true,
Implores th' assistance of the generous few,

Assuring them they shall diverted be
If the Malecontents will let 'em hear and see:

You all can judge of Plays as well as they
Party as wise, and sure pretend we may

To be as strong too at this time of day.
Thus low then he addresses to you all,

Your favour can his doom proscib'd recall
And 'tis by you that he must stand or fall.

He has done nothing here to make 'em foes,
No Worth nor no Opinion does expose,

But only harmless Comick humour shews.
As to the Ladies.

He says, he would not, nor he dares not wrong 'em
There are no Romps nor rampant Wives among 'em,

Nor Jilts;—yet in some hole should there be one
That will make *Lee's* or *Fitzall's* part her own,

Her Hiss beyond applause he must prefer,
A Clap would now more pernicious be from her.

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. Mountford and Mrs. Butler.

Butl. **D**'ye hear me Mr. Mountford, pray come back,
D'ye know what I've done here?

Mount. Yes play'd a Crack.

Butl. A Crack, what's that?

Mount. Pish, leave your Bantring stuff.

I'm sure you know what th' word means well enough.

Butl. Not I, unless 'tis those that hunt rich Heirs
At Covent-Garden Church at Morning Prayers.

Mount. Prayers Child, no, no, your true bred Cracks we're prays,
Their Talent's exercis'd another way.

In short thou hast abus'd a Generation
Of female Vipers in a common Station.

Butl. That is I have abus'd Sir, half the Nation.

Nay some perhaps that take the thing to heart; I think I was bewitch'd to act the part.

Mount. Pray what have you done more to shew their follies,

Than I have a ne'r expose the Keeping Cullies?

The Satyr in my part makes Equall Sport as th' Poet thinks,

Butl. Ay the Devil take him for'r.

When one Dutch Lover in a keeping way
One month is better than a twelvemonths play,

Mount. Is it so faith?

Butl. Yes, as I make 'em pay.

Mount. Well, here are other things to make amends,
Mirtilla's part, must get him Female friends.

A rampant Wife is well expos'd to view,
And not ill drawn a Sneaking Cuckold too.

Butl. I can't imagine where that Saryr looks,

I can finde no such Cuckold here by's looks;

Mount. Yes fifty in that upper Row Gadzooks.

Rich Goldsmiths, Mercers, Taylors, Brewers, Bakers

Butl. And what are these? [Pointing to the Pit.

Mount. Oh these are Cuckold-makers
Who o're that Tribe still bear preheminance, For you must know there's as much difference
Between the Horner & the hen-peck'd drudge, As in between a Tipstaff & a Judge.

Butl. Well, these abusive Jest's will never do, The Audience hates 'em;

Mount. That's a signe they're true.

Butl. 'D'sife 'tis enough to cry the Playhouse down,
Lee's part and mine abuses half the Town.

Mount. Good Saryr's no abuse, Butl. Nor where the last is felt:

Faith Mountford thou'rt a Coxcomb:

Mount. You're a Fils.

Butl. Made so here, only by a Tacts pen;
Send him his part, I'll never play't agen. [Throws away the Part, and Exir.

Mountford to the Audience.

This is a Trick, & done, or I'm a Chouse, To get a greater pension from the House;
I therefore on the Authors part appear, To beg excuse for th' Entertainment here;
And now I from my Wife so ne time can borrow, I'll swing her—but I'll make her
play's to morrow.

Love for Money:

OR, THE

BOARDING-SCHOOL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Young Merriton and Amorous.

Merr. **H**A, ha, ha, ha, thou art the pleasant'st Fellow—

Amor. Nay, prithee suspend thy damn'd criticall Censure till I have told thee the Plot, and then if thou laugh'st at me;

Merr. I shall have cause, ha—

Amor. No gad not unless strength of Judgment, exquisite Wit, admirable Contrivance, and the rest of the noble Ingredients that qualifie a brain for things extraordinary, can give cause.

Merr. Very well Sir, we shall judge of that presently; proceed.

Amor. Art thou solid then? is thy face set?

Merr. Not a line out of order, as grave as a Country Vicar expounding at Catechize: When d'ye begin?

Amor. Thus then, I need not tell thee, to prolong the story, the Extravagancies of my ungovernable Minority, thy self always being a spectator of 'em, tho' no friend to 'em, nor need I expose my own passionate Inclinations for that delicious Creature Woman, whose sweet dear bewitching Sex I still cannot repent adoring, tho' it has been the utter ruin of my Fortunes, my dear *Betty* whom I now live withal, charming me as much in this my worst and lowest Ebb, as when I was a Flutterer at the Court with Coach and Six and gawdy Equipage.

Merr. Prithee take my counsel Friend, and do not doze and slumber o're thy ruin: I lately came thou know'st from the University, and for self satisfaction must confess, a great part of my study there was Woman, that dear damn'd tempting Sex as thou hast call'd 'em; I made Remarks from Rules of Physiognomy, studied Complexions, knew whether Black or fair were true or false, all Female Pinaces, and how much Love would freight 'em; even blinded my own with poring on black Eyes, to finde their subtle motions; and for Noses, I knew all Natures from the high Roman Arch, to the sharp little turn-up Nose that stands as if 'twere set i'th face to hang one's Hat on.

Amor. Very well Sir, and what does your learned Worship infer from this?

Merr. Now I come to thee; this skill, amongst the rest of that Soul-gaining tribe, has taught me to observe thy *Betty*, thy dearest Charmer as thou fondly call'st her, and tho' fond love muffle her faults from thee, I can perceive, and plainly, her jiltish Actions, and must take the freedom of a friend to tell thee, she's false and does abuse thy Love.

Amor. Impossible! her gratitude would secure me from such a baseness, if I had no merit to deserve her; which begging excuse of your severity, I shall not altogether

altogether believe Sir ; besides, her beauty and agreeable behaviour make such a large impression on my heart, all other joy is pal'd and unpalatable, like Wine uncover'd to the Summer Air. She's all that Luxury could wish to please it.

I look abroad, and see the young, soft, fair,
Then turn me round, and finde 'em all in her.

Merr. Nay, if you are upon your Raptures I have done with you.

Amor. Besides, I have given her frequently lusty sums of gold the more to endear her to me, and that I'm sure is the Lovers best proof of his Affection.

Merr. Yes faith, and the worst of his discretion.

Amor. Discretion ! why thou talk'st like a Shop-keeper weighing of scap ; a manager of sense by drams and ounces ; Discretion is a spurious Brat begot between solid Dulness and sophisticated Reason ; a staple Commodity for cheating in Trade, upon the Royall Exchange ; a virtue in Country Graziers that would sell Horses or buy Sheep ; the dull Companion of bob-tail'd Chaplains newly come from the College, for whom Discretion is as good an Epithite, as Circumspection is for one that squints ; but amongst the *Beaux Esprits* and men of sense, is, was, and ever will be, the jest of Conversation, and the scandal of good Company.

Merr. Handsomly troll'd off i' faith ; and this you stedfastly believe ?

Amor. Most conscientiously ; I have known your discreet person wear his Cravat three inches from his neck, wipe his nose on his sleeve, and the Mute in witty Company three hours together, cram himself with other Peoples Jests to vent 'em dully as his own at home, get his Cookmaid with Child in the Kitchen, and every night in the Parlour expound against Whoring, with a Pox to him.

Merr. But did'st thou ever hear he settled three hundred pounds a year upon her, as thou hast on *Betty* ? hah. Prithee was not that want of discretion ? wert thou not a Cully for that ?

Amor. Not at all ; no damn him, a Cully is a dull senseless Rogue bubbled and trick'd out of his Estate by subtlety. I can own my self an Extravagant, but no Cully ; what she has I gave her as a *quantum meruit* for her Love, & not through imposition on her part ; she did endear my generous Faculty, but cheated me of nothing ; and there is as much difference between *Timon of Athens* Generosity, and Sir *Timothy Bashops* lavish Folly, as between the Courage of a brave Officer bred in a Camp and a sneaking Captain of a Country Militia.

Merr. Well, well, but thou forget'st the Plot all this while.

Amor. I beg thy pardon : To gain then another Estate to make amends for what I have squander'd away, *Betty* and I, being newly return'd from *Flanders* where we made shift to melt the last 2000 *l.* are involv'd in a Design, and such a one, that were *Nick Machiavel* alive he'd be asham'd of his Insufficiency, and thou only, as my dearest friend, I have thought fit to trust in't.

Merr. Come on then, let's hear.

Amor. Thou shalt & what will make thee wonder, know then, that tho' I have lately brag'd of my own Abilities, 'tis to thy Father that I am principally oblig'd.

Merr. My Father ! prithee how ?

Amor. Thou hast heard no doubt, of old Sir *Roxland Rakehell* a rich Uncle I have here in *Chelsey*.

Merr. Pox, ev'ry body has heard of him, there is not such another drunken, rearing, wicked, debauch'd old Dog in the whole Parish : I hear he was try'd for

for his life once for for making away a young Orphan Heiress to whom he was Guardian, whose Estate he now enjoys of three thousand pounds a year.

Amor. He was so, and but for subornation of witnesses, & money, had mounted for't: well, he is to do my business however, & in this manner; thy Father, to whom I am faith most infinitely oblig'd, had it seems, such a near acquaintance with that young Orphan's deceased Parents, that he can give account of every passage between 'em, the very particulars of the Will, the most remarkable Jewels left, and each other thing of moment committed before their death to the charge of my confounded Uncle.

Merr. Very well Sir, and what of this?

Amor. Why this will produce the best Plot in the world; for instructed by him who knows all their concerns, it is contriv'd to dress up my *Betty* as if she came from the *Indies*, to which place 'tis said the other was kidnapp'd, and top her upon my Uncle instead of the true Orphan.

Merr. But can my Father give any noted demonstration?

Amor. To every point, & so substantially (for else 'twere an empty Undertaking) that it will put the old Hell-hound into such a fright, that he'll be glad to part with a good round Settlement to me, to secure the rest: what think'st thou?

Merr. Faith it looks with a good face I confess.

Amor. I therefore have agreed to place her at a Boarding School that the business may look the more grave.

Merr. Where I shall be the better able to assist thee, having an admirable Intrigue of my own there.

Amor. Hast thou? gad that's rare, what is't a pretty Where?

Merr. A Where! the Devil's in thee thou think'st all Women are of that sort.

Amor. That sort, ay, & the best sort too; that's an Article of my Creed faith.

Merr. Thou art a lewd Fellow, and can'st not relish an Intrigue of honour.

Amor. Not well faith, tho' I had lately like to have engag'd in such a business with a pretty young Tit since I came over, & in that very School thou talk'st of too, had not thy wise Father, who gad I believe has studied my Constitution, diverted me to pursue this Plot upon my Uncle; & faith I confess I was willing enough to leave it off, for an Intrigue of honour is in my sense just like a tedious Fox chase, a man is forc'd to ride a long dirty race out of the way for a purchase neither worth his time nor his trouble; however, I'll be thy good Genius for once, & prophesie thou shalt prosper: for if Wit, Poetry, Musick, & all the noble Qualities that build up true perfection in a man are capable of winning her, she's thine.

Merr. Oh Sir, no flattery to your friend; yet I must own, tho Poetry be a drug to the dull part of the unthinking World, it is to her a Jewel worth her prizing; she's skill'd in Books friend, a rarity in Women, especially bred in a Boarding School; she has all her Sexes graces without their frailty, Modesty without their Affectation, wit without their Mischief, & Love without their Levity; then for Beauty, she has enough to make a Man an Atheist, believing there could be no greater Heaven.

Amor. Now who's in Rapture?

Merr. Oh 'tis impossible I should avoid it when she's the Subject.

Amor. How now, who have we here?

Enter Le Prate, singing and adjusting himself fantastically.

Le Prate sings. Dans nous Bois Silvandre Eclair.

Merr. A pox on him, I know him already by his damn'd tone; tis one Monsieur *le Prate*, a singing, dancing, talking fluttering Nothing, a Fellow whose chief discourse is always in bragging of the mighty Actions of the French King, for which he is loudly cry'd up by all that party: he's a great Intriguer too, but then 'tis the French way, that is, he never brings it to any effect; but above all, such an eternall Tongue pad, that the clack on't never ceases, no not in his sleep; in short, he's a right Frenchman in his nicest quality; & now am I wishing for *Morose's* Nightcaps only to defend my Ears against him, for I see he has us in the Wind.

Amor. Gad have but patience, and thou shalt hear me gabble with him; I have as good a knack at bauling as he.

Merr. So, I am likely to be well entertain'd.

Le Prate. Tholl, loll, loll—Ah Messires come vous portezvous, Well let me never be appee in de possession of de fair Angel dat I adore, if I have not a bin sick for the sight of my dear Monsieur *Merrison*, heis de life de soule of Conversation, a bon Companee, all de rest dat I meet are dull efford, Hat, Scoundrels, not fit for a man of parts to sprinkle the dew of Wit upon. I tell you vat, I just now came from *London* from de, how you call it, de house of de Parlement, de place vere de greata people make a de Law, & de Gospel too begar I tink, just by de great Shursh yonder, & dere de first ting I hear vas a dam Rascal Sloven out at de Elbow talk politique & settling de Nation vid anoder Blockhead who sware so loud dat de ver wind of de oath blew off a reverend Bishops hat begar dat vas going to serve his Country in de oder house, den after when I came into de great Hall below, dere one confounded Lawyer teize me two whole hour vid simple story lessening de vast & immortal glory of de great & renown'd Monarch of *France* begar.—A plague wat Conversation is dis? what son of whore dere be in de world, hah deer *Merrison*? hah Monsieur, vat you tink, hah?

Amor. Why gad for my part I think the Lawyer was in the right, and that your great and monstrous Monarch that you talk of, will be par'd less, and brought into shape very shortly.

Le Prate. Zoon, vat you say le grand Roy de *France* par'd less? how you mean Monsieur? vat is pare less? Zoon I no understand you.

Merr. So, the Wind rises, now for the storm.

Amor. Shid mauld, Monsieur, some of the brood of old English *Harry* the Fifth are yet alive, who unable to bear Insolences so disgraceful to their ancient glory, shall unite together, and fight, baffle, rout and confound—

Le Prate. The great Monarch of *France*? [*hastily.*]

Amor. Lop off his fluttering pride and ill got grandeur, and pare him for their use like a Cork for a bottle.

Le Prate. Who, the great Monarch of *France*? [*fiercely.*]

Amor. I see him tumbling already, he's going with a Vengeance, lost, irrecoverably gone.

Le Prate. Zoon who, the great Monarch of *France*? [*more fiercely.*]

Amor. The great Monarch of *France*? Ay the great Monarch of *France*. What a pox d'ye take him for a Devil, and think that no body can cope with him?

Le Prate. Yes begar, you will find him too grand a Devil for you to conjure, ha, ha, ha. Le grand Roy de *France* going down, it make a me smile; but you English have such fine faculty of bragging, dere is no Nation under the Sun, dat compare with your true Englishmen, for dat the French sneer, and make grimace, the Dutch belch,

belch, the *Spaniard* strut, the *German* huff, the *Danes* tope, & the *Englishmen* only brag, brag, brag, & do noting begar, ha, ha, ha, my dear Monsieur *Merriton*, vat say you?

Merr. I beg your pardon, faith nothing not I Sir: I think you have said enough for us both.

Amor. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Le Prat. You laugh, ver good, you have ver good diversion; you tinke this grand Diab^{le} as you call him is going down too; but vat if I tell you he is rather coming up, up here into your Country, and vat if he bring one hundred towfand little Devil with huge long horn to butt at you, vat den, vat den.

Amo. Why then we'll cull an Army of Cuckolds out of the City to butt at him agen, we have as many horns as he or else the Devil's in't.

Le Prat. Very well, do, do, abuse the City, do, anger 'em, & make 'em keep up their Wives, and call in the money they've lent, make dem refuse to raise the Regiments they promis'd, do.

Amor. No faith, I'm resolved to speak well of 'em, in certain hope that those very Regiments shall be the first to rouze your great French Dragon out of his den; they'r all swinging Warriours, I tell you that besides.

Le Prat. Besides? but hark ye, but hark ye.

Amor. Nay nay, hark you, I say there is another stratagem.

Le Prat. Zoon hear a me speak, morbleau hear a me speak, I say dat—

Amor. I say that the Common Council of *London* have within this two days made an order.—

Le Prat. I say that de policy of *France* have thought fit [*speaking both together.*

Merr. So, so, halloo, halloo, ten Crowns to one on the French Tarrier. [*Apart.*

Amor. Politically, judiciously, wisely for the safety of the people.

Le Prat. Zoon will you not give me leave? I tell you dat de best—

Amor. Tell me nothing, the best at a stratagem in the whole World is—

Le Prat. Is the French King, begar, there I got before you.

Amor. The French King, a pox, we shall starve him in one six months longer, the loss of his Wine Trade has almost broke his heart already, that one Law has undone him.

Le Prat. Yes begar, just as much as de other Law for selling Wine at sixpence de quart did the Vintaers, morbleau he know ver well how much you English care for de Law, or de Gospel either: on my Conscience I was particularly design'd by Providence to confront & rally the Vices of your Country: I perceive every day so many filthy Crime, fulsome follies, damd Extravagance, & ungenerous Action, that dear *Merriton* I cannot forbear telling thee as my bosome-Friend, that I cannot help being extreamly fatigu'd & disturb'd & am begar eternally—

Merr. Eternally prating, a pox take thee, and I am the unlucky Dbg doom'd to be worried,—buz—in short, *Amorous* and I have some business together, therefore priethee let me beg thee to be so civil as to leave us.

Le Prat. Leave us, dat is very fine, dere be a touch now of right English breeding, they never distinguish a man of parts from the nasty Vulgar; soh I hate ill manners like a Toad, but times will turn, the *French* are coming d'ye hear, that's my comfort: five hundred Sail, & a thousand Fireships, they're coming ma foy.

Merr. Well, get thee gone & let 'em come and be damn'd. [*Reent. & Ex.*

Le Prat. A thousand Fireships, Zoon there will be a blaze.

Merr. Priethee oblige us and go—Dear *Le Prat* be so civil:

Amor.

Amor. The Rogue has made me sweat like a Hostess in the dog days. [*aside.*

Le Prat. Why then all Raillery apart morbleau I cannot be civil if I would, not stir one foot from dis place, for I've appointed Musick this instant to meet me hese to serenade a Lady that lodges just there at the corner of that house, ah, and see here they come Messires fortbein venu.

Enter Musicians.

Amor. This Lady he speaks of is my Betty, that window there belongs to her Apartment, she has told me indeed of a siddling Fool that often address'd himself this way, and now I find 'tis this Coxcomb.

Merr. Art thou not jealous ?

Amor. What of such a thing ? prithee have a better opinion of me and her too ; I'm satisfied she knows him for a Fool.

Merr. And perhaps likes him the better ; Women have strange Appetites, a man of sense, as a good standing dish, may go down a little at first, but a Fool is generally their belov'd second course & desert, Trash & Tronquary best suits their longing.

Amor. To convince thee of the contrary in her, step. [*Le Prat is instructing aside here & thou shalt see how she'll use him.*

[*the Musick.*

Merr. With all my heart, for I confess I am yet an Infidel. [*A Song here maimick-*

[*sing the French.*

S O N G.

As soon as day began to peep
And little twinkling stars withdrew,
Begar me cou'd no longer sleep,
Dear charming Devil for you ;
But from my weary tumbled Bed
Must early rouse my pensive head,
My passion to pursue,
To come with Fiddle, Song, and Voice,
To bid good morn, to your bright Eyes
Me love so much morbleau.

Second movement

With sitting up late at your Window or Gate,
With howling and squawling I'm grown a meer Cat,
And all that your grace I may win :
I scratch and I purr at your cruel heart's door,
And mew, mew, mew, to come in.

I I.

Sometime that ugly Witch despair
Make me believe you frown
And tempt me which is ver severe,
To hang my self or drown.
But tho' me dare with Rival sight,
And watch your door whole Winter night,
Yet me no care to swing.
De Voice, de Fiddle, and de Song
To say I love, and say how strong,
Begar is must de better Ting.

With sitting, &c.

Enter

Enter Oyley.

Le Prate. Oh, I see she has sent for me: Tres humble serviture sweet Mistress Oyley.

[Combs his Peruke, &c.]

Oyley. Sir, my Lady wonders you are not ashamed to make this noise to disturb the neighbours; she bid me tell you too, that she admires you should think that pitifull fiddling and piping should win a Lady of her Beauty and Quality; so first desiring a Cessation of Cat-guts, she implores your absence.—The Fool has been here twice a piping without a penny of money in's Pocket, which I can assure him will not take with us.

[Exit.]

Le Prate. Not fiddling and piping win a Lady? A plague of your damn'd English Brutality: Zoon there is no other way in France to win de Lady, but dat; a Lady there, shall as soon take a Gentleman with a good Pipe as a good Patrimony; but here, noting will do but money, money, a plague take her. Gazoone I must get some and present her, for I love her damnably, and I see dere is no oder way; along Messires.

[Ex. Le Prate and Musick.]

Amor. Now, did not I tell thee how she'd use him; I know she hates all mankind but me.

Merr. Still I say be wary, for according to the Poet

*Show me a man of sense in all the Roll**That some one Woman has not made a Fool.*

Here she comes, my Company will be of no use now; besides, I've a Billet to write to my own dear Angel. Adieu.

*[Exit Merriton.]**Enter Jiltall and Oyley; Amorous runs and embraces her.*

Amor. My dearest Comfort!

Jilt. My Jewel—My dear Jackey, why did you rise so early this morning? Sirrah, hah?

Amor. I had business Child; but I have been laughing this half hour at Mrs. Oyley's message to that serenading French Puppy: ah my sweet life, every hour brings me more and more into my Debt.

Jilt. And so ye dear Rogue you have been Evef-dropping, have you? Indeed Jackey I won't allow that: what can't your Mistress have a spare Gallant to herself a little, but you must be peeping, you little pretty honey dear dog you?

[Claps his Cheek.]

Oyley. Now is there something to be got out of him I'm sure, by this fondness;—ah wit of Man, where art thou?

[Aside.]

Amor. Would I had never seen it, for I am grown so jealous o'th sudden, and my heart does so swell; go, go, get ye gone, I dont love ye, you shant kiss me no more, you have got a French Flapdragon now.

Jilt. I'll sit you as well anon at night, for I'll tye your hands to the Bed-posts; when you are asleep I'm resolv'd you shall play no more tricks with me.

Amor. Nor you shant wake me no more if you go to that, with sprawling over me, pretending to put out the Candle.

Jiltal. Do you hear Oyley, did you ever hear such a confident little dear honey lying Rogue, there's for you Sirrah.

[Slaps him.]

Amor. And there's for you Hussey, and that, and that, *[Flings his Gloves.]*
Mrs. Oyley, pray stand by a little and see fair Play, and you shall see how I'll maul her, I'll smother her immediately.

Jiltal. Oh, a Truce, a Truce, I'll play no more, but I'll pummell you at Night

Night Sirrah, you shan't think to carry't off thus, you shant, you dear, dear, dear, sweet damn'd Dog you. [Claps his Cheeks and Kisses him.]

Oyley. Ah sweet damn'd Cunning, how I Love thee, this must be upon some mighty Matter, for this is better acted then ordinary. [Aside.]

Filial. But leaving off fooling, for I'm so fond of this Puppy, that I can scarce mind any other Business; how goes our Plot, Jacky, when is this nasty Uncle of thine to be fleec'd, when am I to act the Indian Heiress, and take my Voyage from Bantam, ah you dear little Pimp you.

Amor. What, you expect a new Addition to your Settlement, do you Hussy, but I'll prevent those vain Hopes, I will Black Eyes, for I wont tell a Word.

Filial. Choose Churl, you shant Kiss the Honny-Mole upon my Duddy this Month then I'm resolv'd.

Amor. Ah dear, Dear Mole, come I will, I will tell rather then be punisht so, I'll discover any thing.

Filial. Quickly then, for if once I swear, begin and seriously.

Amor. Why then, in good earnest you are to go to your new Lodgings to night.

Filial. At the Boarding School.

Amor. The same I have agreed with the Governess, & have also found out a Roguish Lawyer of my Acquaintance with a Conscience & Confidence suitable to the Business, who is to be ready to begin the Process; we have got a Sun-burnt Sailor or two likewise to swear he was hir'd to carry her over and put the better face upon the Matter.

Filial. And I'll warrant you for acting my part, give me but my Cue and you shall see me do it like any Player.

Amor. If I should get a thousand Pounds a Year by this Trick now would not you want a Croshet of Diamonds, a Neck-lace of Pearl, nor no such Trifle, hah, for I find you will take pains and act your part very dilligently.

Filial. Indeed my dear sweet pretty Puppy-face, not for that, but only because Child I know a thousand Guinnys would do thee good, thou knows my dear dog, I was never fond of Money, besides Jacky I have Croshet & Neck-lace already, I confesse Love if I had a pair of Pendants as my Lord Keepwells Mistress has.

Oyley. Oh, now 'tis out. [Aside.]

Filial. I Think they would become me as well, but my Sweet Honey Sugar Candy Rogue, I can be contented without, I'll ask nothing Dearest.

Oyley. Finely acted I swear, ah, where's the wit of a Man now; I say still, there's not a stroke of that soft hand but will cost him fifty Guinnys. [Aside.]

Amor. Thou needst not ask, that mayst command so absolutely, I'll tell thee more when I possess it, in the mean time be sure to get ready against Seven in the Evening to take Coach, I'll go put on my Disguise and finde out my Uncle, who is either damning himself at the Maggy Tavern, or at my Lady Addleplots just by it, there I'll break the matter to him, and dear Fortune stand but propitious now, and then my sweet pretty charming Black Eyes, and I will Live and Laugh, and Love to perpetuity. [Exit Amor.]

Filial. And if thou failst in it, thou shalt be serv'd just as the Money-less Mounseur was before thee: Oyley, how dost thou like my managing of this fond Puppy.

Oyley. Troth Madam I have been admiring you, and think you have play'd a better Scene than is to be seen upon the Stage, but pray give me leave to ask you

you a question, do you not love Mr. *Amorous* at all?

Filt. No Faith not I, but I love his Money which I finde this Plot is likely to bring—he has already settled three hundred pounds a year upon me; I love that well enough.

Oyley. And yet you call him Dear, and Sweet and Honey.

Filt. Words, words only—meer Springs to catch Woodcocks; I never call a Fellow Dear & Sweet, and Honey, but I think him a Dog, a Cully, & a Rascal.

Oyley. If you think so ill of him who is a witty man, and whose only fault is too much fondness, how will you entertain the impertinent Frenchman that I know intends you another visit.

Filt. Why if he comes with money you shall admit him; Love for money ever while you live wench.

Oyley. What, that nauseous chattering Fool?

Filt. Ay, ay, any Fool in *Europe* that has money, learn this of me, as they that first debauch us, do it for their own pleasure without any consideration of our Ruine; so we that are debauch'd ought to value no Merit equall to our Interest: If a Fool comes larded with Guinnys, and a Wit empty, the Fool is like to be preferr'd for all the tothers Tropes and Figures, besides a Wit plays cautiously, and upon the square, when a Fool sets deep without consideration, and therefore to me is the more meritorious by half.

*For what's the worth of any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring.*

As a famous Author has it.

Oyley. Now you talk of Money here comes Mr. Deputy *Nicompoop*, the sneaking rich Gold-smith that married the famous stickler against the Government, the Lady *Addlepot*.

Enter Nicom. and Brag.

Filt. I have heard of her, her House is the very Common-Shoar into which all the Male-contents orh' Town drain themselves, she pretends to rail at the Times for Conscience sake; but 'tis really on no other score but her own Vanity, for the glory of being thought a notable Woman, out-weighs all her other reasons whatever: that fluttering Fellow there goes for her Kinsman, but is really her Gallant, and kept by her under her Husbands nose; so she finishes her Character at her Cuckolds cost, and by her management of him, teaches the true Doctrine of Passive Obedience.

Oyley. Bless me, how fine is he; I see these grumbling Ladies keep high, however they dislike the Government,

[*Exeunt.*]

Nicom. Nay, but seriously, Captain, and Son in Law that must be, I was strangely asham'd to have an impudent Fellow, a ragged red-coat Rogue to talk at that rate.

T. Brag. By the Sun and Moon, and all the Planets had I heard him, his Soul had paid for his Sawciness, the Sun should have shon through him ere he had spoke five words; but prithee honest Father in Law that must be what did the Rascal say? hah.

Nicom. Say, why seriously I think the Fellow was mad, he had the impudence to say that he was your Father, and that your right name was *Bragg*, and that you were the wickedest Rake-hell in Town seriously, and then he call'd you a hundred Pimps one after another.

Bragg. Intolerable Rascal.

Nicom. He said he would kick you seriously.

Bragg. Dog. ———

Nicom. And when you went into the Coach with my Lady my Wife, if I had not stop't him, on my Conscience he would have come in after you.

Bragg. I'll have the Rogue whip'd from *Charing-Cross* to *Chatham* for this.

Nicom. Nay seriously the Fellow ought to be punish'd, that's the truth on't, he was as lawcy as if he had been your Father, indeed—well god-buy, I must wait upon my Lady my Wife, to beg leave of her to let me meet some Friends at a Bowle of Punch this Afternoon.

Bragg. Do so, and do you hear Cousin, tell her that I'll be with her Ladyship presently.

Nicom. Ay, but you wont make hast; prithee dear Captain make hast now, seriously she likes your Company mightily, she says you are the finest Man, and the fittest Husband for my Daughter *Moll* in the world, well, will you make hast?

Bragg. I will, I will, I'll but take t'other turn and be with her.

Nicom. Seriously you'll oblige me extreamly then, for I long to be at the Panch Bowle.

[Exit *Nicompoop*.]

Bragg. How rarely do my Lady and I manage this Fellow, she has kept me this two Years, and I think one of the Princes of *Italy* scarce appears in better Equipage. I am naturally impudent, & tho' I was formerly of the Black-Guard, yet now being kept well, and assisted by good Rigging, dare thrust my self dayly amongst People of Quality, and pass for a Captain amongst 'em; the misfortune is, that I have a peevish ragged dam'd old Father, a poor Granadier who is eternally disgracing me before Company, 'twas he I know by the Stile that gave the late Character of me to my Cuckold, and see as the Devil will have it, here he comes, the old Rogue has been dogging me I lay my Life.

Enter Old Bragg, and goes round him staring at him.

Old Bragg. Your Servant Sir.

T. Bragg. Yours Sir.

Old Bragg. Do you know me Sir.

T. Bragg. Yes, yes, I know you well enough.

Old Bragg. Cons what a deal of Gold-lace the Son of a Whore has got on's Coat; do you hear, a word with you Friend, am not I your Father Sir.

T. Bragg. You had best ask my Mother, she knows better then I, but what if you are Sir.

Old Bragg. Where's your Hat then you Dog, Rascal where's your Reverence Sirrah, what are you too good?

[Strikes off his Hat.]

T. Bragg. My Hat's too good to be spic'd Sir, & the Feather in't cost a Guinny.

Old Bragg. Did it so Sir, & must you wear a Feather in your Hat cost a Guinny, and let your Father be reduc'd to a single Stiver Sirrah, come, come, disburse, disburse, if you would save your bones disburse, & quickly, Mony, Mony, Mony, come.

T. Bragg. What a plague you wont Rob me, will you, sure you know the Law.

Old Bragg. The Law, here's a Rogue for you, he's for hanging his Father, he; but I'll Law you presently, here's Law for you you Dog, Sirrah, disburse and quickly—or

[Draws.]

T. Bragg. This old heathen will make no more of spitting now, than if I were a Rat, and the Devil a penny have I in my Pocket to give him, what a plague shall I do.

Old Bragg.

Old Bragg. You have a Rampant Lady I hear you Rogue to uphold your Prodigality ; you can feast upon Wine and Venison, when I was fain to dine yesterday with an honest Dutch Trooper a Friend of mine upon a pickled Herring you dog ; but come Sirrah, since you are kept with a Pox t'ye, let's see what Wages her Ladyship affords, lets see the Cod come.

T. Bragg. I've nere a Sowse upon my faith Sir.

Old Bragg. How, nere a Sowse, what then you do my Ladys Drudgery for nothing, do you Sirrah, a fine Trade indeed, a hopefull Imploy, had not you better have staid with the black-smith where I put you to Prentice, you prodigal Villain.

T. Bragg. No I thank you, faith I've an easier Forge to work at, and better Company.

Old Bragg. Come I'll try what Company you keep presently, I'll give you the Test Faith, I'll part with the best part of my Dinner to treat you for once : come Sirrah, here's King William's Health, [*Pulls out a brandy-Bottle and drinks.*]

T. Bragg. O Lord, indeed Sir I never dare drink any Brandy.

Old Bragg. Sirrah drink, and quickly, or by this bottle I'll cut your throat.

T. Bragg. D'heart Sir you'll undo me, my Lady will smell me, and she hates the smell of Brandy as she hates the Devil.

Old Bragg. You lye you dog, there's nere a Lady of her party but has a Bottle by her bed-side every night : what a plague, d'ye think I ha'nt heard of their cold Tea.

T. Bragg. D'heart how should he hear of the Ladies cold Tea ? 'tis the greatest secret at Court, by this Light.

Old Bragg. Come, come, the Health, the Health.

T. Bragg. Why then here's the Kings Health, I'll top upon him as our Party use, with a mental Reservation, — Come the Kings Health Sir. [*aside.*]

Old Bragg. What King ? What King, Sirrah ? speak the words.

T. Br. sings. Sir, I drank to the King, and I took it off clean,

And he's but a Fop that asks what King I mean.

Old Bragg. A Fop, very well Sir ; introth y'are in the right, and to quip me better to be one, I think this Hat and Feather would not be amiss, this Peruke likewise is proper, this Coat and Sword likewise.

[*Old Bragg takes away his Hat and Feather, and Sword and Coat.*]

T. Bragg. D'sdeath what d'ye mean Sir ?

Old Bragg. To make money of 'em, and drink the Kings Health you Rogue.

T. Bragg. Nay, Father.

Old Bragg. Sirrah, stir a foot after me & I'll run my Sword in your Guts Zooks I've a great mind to the Breeches too ; I could flea a Rebel methinks as I would an Eel : but come, this shall serve at present ; but d'ye hear Sirrah, get mony in your pocket against the next time to relieve your old Father, or I'll have no more mercy on thee than a she Tiger has of a Traveller when her Cubs have had nothing for dinner. [*Exit Old Bragg.*]

T. Bragg. So, a very pretty business this ; thus am I serv'd by this old Rascal whenever I refuse him mony ; nay nor is this all, for the disgraces I suffer by him vex me more by half, — Meeting me talking with a great Lord in the street t'other day, Sirrah says he, lend me eighteen pence, for my Stockings want footing and my Shoos have lost both their heels ; my Lord star'd at him like a stuck Pig, & he as much at my Lord, till having dispatch'd him I was fain to recover all by swear-

ing he was a craz'd old *Edge-Hill* Officer, that I kept upon Charity. Well this won't do, I must study some redress, tho' I want Courage to beat the old Scoundrel; but first to my Lady, to whom I must tell some damn'd lye or other for a new Hat and Peruke; one hour's soft Indearment I know will quip me again.

Tho to the Royal Aid she'll nought disburse,
To me she never fails to draw her purse.

The End of the first Act.

A C T I L S C E N E I.

Enter Old Merriton and Young Merriton.

Old Merr. O *H Will*, well met; when were you last at the Boarding School?

Yo. Merr. Yesterday, Sir.

Old Merr. Then you must give me leave to guess your business there; nay I'll not question you, but only let you see a Fathers Eye guided by his indulgence still most observes when it seems least to do so: what think you of *Mirtilla*? come speak freely.

Yo. Merr. Sir, to dissemble is a Courtiers Vice, that ne'r intends to do the thing he promis'd: I'll speak my thought as free as Air, I think her the brightest Jewell of her Sex, her Vertues set in her Beauty are unparell'd; and like the Jewel of great Tuscany, too rich for all the neighb'ring Kings to buy.

Old Merr. Thou speak'st my thoughts; dost love her, prithee tell me.

Yo. Merr. Alas Sir, be not pleas'd to hear my Follies; my Will-you know is bounded in your Pleasure, on your Commands depends my love or liking; besides, tho dress'd in Beauty, Wit, & Innocence, I hear she is an Orphan, and unknown, not fit for me to love that cannot raise her to what her worth deserves.

Old Merr. She may be known hereafter; & not to baulk your fancy Sir, I give you leave to exercise your liking, & if you think fit license you to love her.

Yo. Merr. Which I could do, and faithfully, but must grieve that my small fortune—

Old Merr. Do not upbraid me Son; if my distresses have like clouds hung o'er me, & so involv'd thee in my sad Misfortunes, believe me 'tis no fault of mine but fates; that thou deserv'st more I must needs confess; for tho my Son thou art to Vertue nearer, Arts still have been thy aim, Wit, Honour, Justice, Philosophy, soft Musick, with all the train of noble Sciences.

Yo. Merr. Good Sir no more, you need not shew too nearly how much I am indebted to your goodness.

Old Merr. Thou art not in my debt, but rather I in thine; the trust I had in the last Reign deceiving me, begging my hopes, makes me but half a Father: I deserv'd well, & loyal Faith express'd, but Ruine was the word, and I amongst the rest.

Yo. Merr. Divert the Subject, I beseech you Sir.

Old Merr. To the purpose then—When did'st thou see young *Anorone*?

Yo. Merr. To-day Sir, who told me he was much beholden t'you for a late Plot upon his sordid Uncle.

Old Merr.

Old Merr. Tis true, for I must own I hate that vicious Fellow more than Cowardise, tho for some private reasons I seem to indulge his Humour ; more of that hereafter ; I know you are for the Boarding School this Afternoon, to see the Fair forlorn ; well, give her my Love, she'll make thee not less welcome for't I'm sure. — Adieu.

[*Exit. Y. Merr.*

Old Merr. solus.

I have maintained her there this many years unknown to any, and will proceed till fate make ripe my project ; young *Amerous* was framing an Intrigue till I discover'd, & diverted him with a specious Plot upon his Uncle to amend his Fortunes ; she is not of that mean desert she seems, nor my Son's Love so weak as he pretends 'tis, Time must ripen all. Here comes Sir *Rowland* as merry as Wealth and Wickedness can make him, — my first game is with him, I shall go near to dash his jollity.

Enter Rakehell.

Rake. Hoh, Devotion, art thou there with a pox to thee, & without a Prayer-book in thy hand too, that's a wonder faith, for thou art as rarely seen out of a Church as I am out of a Tavern ; pox on thee, what a dull scandalous life dost thou lead ? thou art swilling thy belly full of Small-beer Devotion every morning, whilst I am sanctifying mine with Sherry, Sugar, and Nutmeg, you old Church Puppy you.

Old Merr. Oh rare Sir *Rowland*.

Rake. Right old *Urim and Thummim*, and oh rare Sir *Rowland* it shall be ; I intend to have it for an Epitaph upon my Tomb as well as *Ben. Johnson*, for I shall have a Name for the best of his qualities. I can drink Sack as well as he, tho I cannot write so well in the praise on't.

Old Merr. To have a name for drinking Sack only, is a wretched Trophy at our years *Sr Rowland*, methinks you & I should study to be dignified by our Vertues.

Rake. Vertue ! here's a hypocritical old Dog ; Gadzookes name a word more of Vertue to me, and I'll draw upon thee ; speak a syllable to me of Religion, Morality, Godliness, or any of your canting stuff and I'll run my Sword in your guts, you old orthodox Thief you.

Old Merr. Nay, if you are so hot Sir —

Rake. Talk of Vertue to me the blood of the *Rakehells*, you old Pew Pimp ; a starving notion that all the World laughs at, & which the wiser part of it always abhor'd : prithee ask the young Cocking Athiest how he got his rich Widow with 6000*l.* a year, & see whether he answers Vertue, or the illiterate Dunce that can scarce spell his own name, whether he got his Place at Court by Vertue ; the sweaty splayfoot Citty Putt, whether he came to be Lord Mayor by Vertue ; ask how the Laundress came to be a Lady, or the lawless Pettifogger a Judge, and see if Vertue be the cause on't, ye old Church Weefel, ha, ha, ha.

Old Merr. I think in Reason we ought to believe it the cause, whatever you may imagine.

Rake. Reason ! the Devil take him, he's got next door to Vertue again already : why I tell thee, like an incorrigible Sot as thou art, that Reason has nothing to do in the business, neither the course of all humane Affairs depend on Destiny. Reason & Vertue are as useless drugs as Learning & Poetry ; the first is disgrac'd by Knaves, the last ruin'd by Fools, and there's Morality for thee, tho old Hassock.

Old

Old Merr. Though this be a profligate Rascal, yet he's in the right in that. [*aside*
Rake. Ha, ha, ha, besides, I can't forbear laughing faith, to think, for all thy praying and mumbling, what a damn'd Hypocrite thou art; Here do I enjoy an Estate of three thousand a year by having a young Orphan that was my Ward, kidnab'd to the *Indies*; and thou, for the sake of two hundred a year, got'st it done for me; there was Vertue, ha, ha, there was Vertue.

Old Merr. Well Sir you need not upbraid me however: You have small Reason if you knew all. [*aside.*

Rake. Well, well, I won't upbraid thee, ha, ha; I won't upbraid thee; for to tell thee the truth, I think thy Vertue & mine have much the same weight, that is in short we are Rogues both, & so let's like Politicians keep one anothers Counsel.

Old Merr. You may guess, that for my own part I have no great mind to be hang'd for any Discovery of my own; but I've a secret to tell you that somewhat troubles me.

Rake. A secret! prithee what is't old *Bellarmino*, come let's hear it.

Old Merr. Why 'tis credibly reported, that your Nephew Mr. *Amorous*, that went to travel lately, after having mortgag'd the rest of his Estate to you, has unluckily in the *Indies* met with this very Orphan, made a discovery from one of the Ships Crew that is since dead, and has now brought her over with him to claim her Right.

Rake. 'D'sheart thou art not in earnest old Psalm Book art?

Old Merr. 'Tis most certainly so, Sir, I saw one of his Indian Retinue not half an hour ago in the Street.

Rake. 'Oons we must be Impudent, and swear bloudily, we must not be mealy-mouth'd: hah old *Amy Mary*, we have possession, they shall Law and Claw too before they get it:—how now;

Enter a Footman forreignly dress'd.

Who would you speak with friend?

Foot. Ke zowl mon dingos Bashterosh vin draggozeen Ilander gin flounce van dander Scopen.

Rake. Scopen, ay you may Scopen and Slopen long enough with a pox t'you, before I understand ye, this Rogue has got the language of the Devil, and on my Conscience is come to teach it us instead of our Dutch, dost understand him, old Surplice, I know thou hast been a Traveller.

Old M. 'D'slife, very well, Sir, he tells ye in the Morisque tongue that your Nephew is in the garden, and desires to speak with you.

Rake. Gadzooks I shall murder the Dog, I shall ne're have patience.

Old M. Oh Sir, hear what he says whatever you do: I'll stand behinde that hedge there, and make remarks—Collimosh Zwingle gowse Scopen awlin—

[*to Footman.*

Foot. Youl, youl—

[*Exit making an awkward reverence.*

Rake. Youl, youl, the Devil youl ye—Belzebubs own darling dialect, by this light.

Old M. He comes Sir; I'll retire—

[*Exit Old Mer.*

Rake. Now must I set my face and fleer upon him juss like a Court depender upon a great Lord that has newly worm'd him out of his Office, and is too powerfull for him to beat, that is Salute him Civilly, and all the while heartily with him damn'd.

Enter

Enter Amorous dress'd like an Indian.

Amor. Dear Uncle I am heartily Sorry that my occasions could let me no sooner wait on ye since I came to *England*, but assure your self my Duty has often made me heartily wish to see ye—hang'd I mean *[aside]*.

Rake. Oh 'tis very well, 'tis very well good Nephew; why faith I did not Expect ye so soon, I did not think you could have made your Tour of *India* and the *Mogulls* Country in twice the time, in my opinion you have made too much hast home——with a pox t'ee *[aside]*.

Amor. I had stay'd longer indeed, had I not return'd to do you a small peice of service, which Sir you shall presently know, & what an honour & tendernefs dear Uncle I have for you—I mean for your mony, ye old Dogbolt— *[aside]*.

Rake. To do me service, Nephew, prithee let's hear how the Son of a Whore looks in that habit, as if he were engender'd by a *Succubus* upon an Indian Witch.—*[aside]* Come good Nephew, prithee let's hear—*fleeing*.

Amor. Then in short, Sir, I came home thus suddenly to clear your Reputation.

Rake. My Reputation, ha, ha, ha!—what in'th Indies, prithee Cousen dont make me think thou'rt mad, 'oons I never car'd for't here man, and dost think I value it in the *Mogulls* Country—besides I know my reputation here is as secure as any mans.

Am. Ah Sir, would you could make it out.

Rake. So I will Sir. I have three thousand pounds a year fool;—that's reputation. Set that upon the Exchange against any mans honesty, and see which will buy most Cuthinele.

Amo. Sir, you han't a groat a year.

Rak. Hey-day, the fellow's posselt, some *Indians* Devill has bewitch'd him.

Am. Oh you'l finde it otherwise Sir, in short then to keep ye no longer in suspense, the Orphan Heiress daughter to *Sr. William Wealthy* committed to your charge, and so strangely lost about 9. years since, was lately discover'd in the Indies by a Sea-Captain upon his death-bed, to whom she was sold, and is now return'd with me, with intention to Claim her Estate in your possession.

Rake. Pshaw plhaw, what witnesses Nephew, what witnesses?

Amo. Oh the Devil and all, Sir, the Captains kinsman, several of the Ships Crew that carried her over, besides a Convincing sign, a Ruby that hung about her Neck with her Fathers Coat of Arms upon't.

Old Merrit peeping] So now the old Rascal sweats, work on, work on my Plot, thus far it goes rarely—— *[aside]*.

Rake. Would she had been Choak'd with the string on't before she had come hither to discover her pedigree, d'heart I shall be hang'd for Kidnapping—*[aside]*

Amor. Come Sir, I see you a little disturb'd, therefore as I said before, to let you see what a kindness I have for your Credit, perhaps upon some reasonable Considerations, I may put you in a way Sir—

Rake. Hold, hold, let me see her first, and then talk of Considerations, I must be Cunning with the Rogue, there may be a trick in't. *[aside]*

Amor. That you shall Sir to morrow, without fail, and be thoroughly Convin'd of all, and what further service I can do ye.

Rake. Very well, and with secrecy good Nephew d'ee here, you know your Uncles Honour is as your own, and so farewell for this time, but proof must clear all: for my part I own nothing, if it be thy fortune to oblige me, I'll be as ready,

ready to prefer thee.—[*upon the Gallows—[aside]*] So honest Nephew adieu till to-morrow : Ah Plague on your Indian voyage, I would I could get somebody to murder the Dog.—[*aside*] [Exit Rakehell.]

Enter Old Meriton.

Amor. Ha, ha, ha, ha, who's here my Genius, my best friend—

Old M. 'Twas acted rarely.

Amor. Did ye hear us.

Old M. Most distinctly, and doubt not but the Consequence will be as pleasant : away, away, I know he's upon the hunt for me, and he must not see us together ; Is not this better now then hankering after a silly moneyless Orphan with a white face, and nothing in her purse, hah.

Old M. That's well, but hark I hear him coming, away, away. [*Ex. Amorous.*]

Thus your great Wit that long renown'd does pass,

Is often by a greater made an Ass.

[*Re-enter Rakehell hastily.*]

Well Sir what news ?

Rake. Why all the news that I know is, that thou art to be hang'd like an Ignorant praying Kid-napping Rascall as thou art.

Old M. Hang'd Sir.

Rake. Yes hang'd Sir, & a pox on thee, nothing vexes me but I am to keep that Apocriphall face of thine Company ; all's out, we are discover'd with a vengeance, this is your trusting your Sea-Captain with a murrain t'ee, you may remember dog-fish, that I advis'd ye to knock her in the head like a discreet person as I was.

Old M. Faith I could not in Conscience kill the pretty Creature, that's the truth on't.

Rake. A Plague o' your Conscience, must I be hang'd for your confounded Conscience must I ? you had conscience enough to swallow two hundred pound a year for Kid-napping, ne're keckt at that you old pew-pimping Rascall.

Old M. Nay then, since you provoke me, know, the Rascall is in the inside of your own hide, and ye lye, I ne're receiv'd a groat on such a damn'd attempt.

Rake. What art mad, where i'th then ? a pox where i'th.

Old M. Manag'd till the deceiver I deceive

And thou art hang'd by a strong Rope, I weave. [Exit]

Rake. What a Devil does he mean ? gad I believe the grave fools brain's crackt through meer fear, as it generally happens to these sober praying Coxcombs with Clodded brains and no Genius, the Rogue has a hang upon me, I must not fall out with him ; however I'll send for him presently to the Tavern, and if I can make him Drunk, there leave all fates transactions for to-morrow

And with full Bumpers Tope away all sorrow. [Exit.]

Enter Nicompoop meeting Tearshift.

Nicom. Oh Mrs. Tearshift your humble servant, pray where may I finde my Lady my Wife ? I have been looking all about the Garden and han't the honour to meet her seriously.

Tear. Oh rare Mr. Deputy there's Rods in pifs for you i'faith.

Nicom. Nay prithee dear Mrs. Tearshift don't fright me now, seriously I stay'd but half an hour longer then I promis'd, I hope my Lady my wife is not angry, for I could not help it seriously.

Tear. Oh fye, your Gills look as red as a Turkey-Cocks, you are as fluster'd

as a Non-Con-Preacher at a Sisters wedding. She'll be in a violent passion when she sees ye, and you know (like a silly man as you are) you are nothing in her hands when she's in a passion.

Nicom. That's true seriously, but have I no friend with her, that can hold her tack, and rail against the Government whilst I go and Cool a little.

Tear. Yes there's the Captain with her as it happens, well, take it from me you are extremely oblig'd to that man, he has held her tack upon your account more then once to my knowledge.

Nicom. Ah the Captain's a very honest Gentleman.

Tear. See yonder they are coming down the walk together: Come, come in, and wash your face and hands, and Comb your head, and smug up your self a little.

Nicom. With all my heart dear Mrs. *Tearshift*, for if she should fall into a passion I were a lost man seriously. [Exit in haste.]

{ Enter young Bragg new Equipp'd and }
 { Lady Addleplot dress'd Flauntingly }
 2. Footmen.

La. Addle. Captain—*T. Bragg*:—Madam.

La. Addle. Did you visit all our Loyall friends in Newgate this morning according to my order?

T. Bragg. Yes Madam, I was there a great while, I sat at the Treason-table there above an hour, they're all pretty hearty, they eat and drink well Madam, only a little lousy, some of 'em.

La. Addle. Ay that's nothing, Loyalty and Lice are Concomitant; and did you take care to present my humble service to that worthy person that bid the Government kiss his britch—and tell him that I would do my self the honour to sup with him to night.

T. Bragg. Yes Madam, and for which he humbly thank'd your Ladyship, but send's ye word that he is to be Engag'd.

La. Addle. What, he's crowded by our party I warrant.

T. Bragg. No faith Madam, he was Crowded another way, for he was just going into the Cart to be hang'd.

La. Addle. Codsoe, that was engaging him indeed—& did they hang that brave fellow? well there will a time come I hope—when we shall hang in our turn too.

Enter Tearshift.

how now *Tearshift* who's that within there?

Tear. Mr. *Deputy* Madam, who being rashly coming before with a dirty face and hands, I reprehended and turn'd back to mundryfy.

La. Addle. Let him be lock'd into the Garret, de'e hear as formerly, and allow'd no meat till my order: what? the Brute is fluster'd I warrant.

Tear. He has drank a little too much indeed Madam.

La. Addle. He shan't eat these three days; fogg the very thought of him gives me the vapours; prithee give me my Spirit of Hartshorne; Captain your Arm a little, stand up strongly ye fribling fool; o' my Conscience the fellow begins to bend in the hams already.

T. Bragg. Who I Madam, gad y'are mistaken, I'm as strong as a horse.

La. Addle. Ye lye ye fool, a horse, ye lye ye Jackanapes, you shew'd your strength finely last night when you were Rob'd and lost your Hat and Puke.

T. Bragg. What man could do I did, but to have eight Rogues upon me at once,

once, Madam, was a little hard.

Tear. Indeed Madam the Captain got well off as he did, for had they stript him, Lord bless us, they might have damag'd his out-works Extreemly.

L. Addle. Well Sir you see I have quip'd yeagen, and pray let me finde your Services answerable; all Ladies of my humour require to be serv'd well.

T. Bragg. I am thy *Adonis* my bright *Cithæra*, always ready and perpetually devoted to thy command.

Tear. And well said Captain in troth.

L. Addle. Well Sir, there's something t'encourage ye, and I give you leave to frequent the Coffee-house [gives a purse] and Tavern now and then, provided you rail stily against the Government, and are sure to cry up me.

[Brag kisses her hand.]

T. Bragg. Madam, that's every day my whole business, you are thought the very heart of the grumbling faction, and the greatest Politician in the Town; The famous Lady *Addleplex* name is in every ones mouth from the Secretary of State down to the Seller of Pippins.

Tear. Your Ladyship is thought a most admirable States-woman I must needs say.

L. Addle. Nay I thank my Stars the Ladies stick close to me, the good women are most of 'em of my side, I thank 'em, especially the merry griggs that will drink a Bottle, all those are most Conscienciously Loyall, and do great good, besides I expect a swinging Rising in *Kent* suddenly, and then we shall segue these Rebels:—my Lady *Stroddle* and I intend to go and head 'em, we have bought our Fuzees and Jack-boots already.

Tear. Oh Madam, here's the fine French Gentleman coming, that is such rare Company, that sings and dances and will let no one talk but himself.

Enter Le Prate and Nicompoop.

Bragg. And with him, Mr. *L'epuy* new-wash'd and Tallow'd; Lord, how Matrimony looks, Madam.

Le Prate. Madam, I was impatient till I was come to kiss your Ladyships fair hand.

L. Addle. Your Servant good Monsieur.

Le Prate. Your Servant Sir, and your most humble, pret Metresse *Tear* the sheet, Madam, I must beg your Ladyships pardon, dat I have oblige a my self to make reconciliation between your Ladyship and Monsieur *Nicompoop* here, who is very sorry for disappointing your Ladyship and desire me to Intercede for him.

L. Addle. He's a pitifull fumbling fellow, 'tis impossible for him to do otherwise then disappoint a Lady.

[Get ye into the Garret, to Nicompoop.]

Le Prate. Nay, Madam I beseech your Ladyship.

L. Addle. Alas Monsieur you are Ignorant of his Crime, I had at least Six hundred Letters to signish, and should have sent him to as many places with 'em, and to have a Sot to dare to baulk me in State-affairs, Sir I'll make him know that I'll have the blood of him that shall baulk me—

[into the Garret I say.]

[To Nicom.]

Nicom. Lord, she's bloody angry, what shall I do?

Le Prate. Dat is very great fault, but dear Madam hear a me speak.

L. Addle. A little fribbling Cit that I have married, and affronted my own Quality

Quality to do him honour, to dare to be absent when I had business for him.

Le Prate. I beseech your Ladyship, look he is dere upon his knee.

L. Addle. A frigid sop, that I have taken as much pains withall to make a man, as ever my first husband Sr. *Arthur Addleplot* did to make me a woman—

[Strikes her Fan on her hand passionately.]

Nicom. Ah dear Captain, you have an Interest in her, here's an Oriental Pearl, pray try if that will qualify.

Bragg. Madam, the penitent offender offers Tribute, a Mediator from the Indies kisses your fare hand.

L. Addle. Ay, the fool Imagines this will do now, and truly I think pearls are good against the Spleen,—but a careless fellow—d'slife to neglect my Negotiation, I can hardly pass it o're; but for your sake Couzen for once I deign to accept his Trifle, but if ever he boult me again, if there be a Cuckold in the Nation, you understand me Friend.

Nicom. I do, I do, and am overjoy'd that we are friends seriously.

Tear. This was manag'd rarely well; I vow my Lady's a woman of admirable parts.

Le Prate. Soe dis is ver well, all friends, all friends, and Monsieur let me tell you entre nous it will be ver reasonable for you hereafter to watch her Ladyships motions better, you have de ver great honour in her Conversation I tell you dat.

Nicom. I have so seriously, & could even weep for Joy that we are reconcil'd.

Le Prate. She's the grand wit of all our Party, and so admir'd in France, dat I believe our great Monarch will in a little time make her President of his Council begar.

L. Addle. Oh deer Monsieur, indeed you honour me too much, but I know you have all the Secret from the Party, & pray what news last night *Monsieur*? when shall we have some sport? when will the French fleet come to an Anchor? ha.

Le Prate. Ah garzoon, I forgot to tell your Ladyship, dey are come already.

L. Addle. Are they come. Codsoe that's rare; I'll have a Bonafire as big as a Steeple, have they Landed? hah.

Le Prate. Morbleau twenty towfand at least, brave valiant fellows, with resolution like Lyons. Dey have scare all de Country round, they have burn two or fowr of de Ancient Lofty Noble Thatch Cottage Morbleau dat ever was seen.

L. Addle. Rare news; *Tearshift* get ready my Jack-boots.

Le Prate. Dey have attaque de Enimys Intrenchement, and have taken two of three hundred of the boldest fattest bravest—

L. Addle. Prisoners, humh, prisoners.

Le Prate. Sheep, Madam, sheep, my Country-men allways take more sheep den Prisoner, dey are of better use, by must.

Enter Tearshift.

Tear. Madam, here's a Messenger come from the Boarding-School, to Invite your Ladyship to the Ball, and to see your Ladyships Daughter dance her new Chaconne.

L. Addle. Oh with all my heart, come Gentlemen we'll all go; this news has made me so pleasant, codsoe I could dance my self.

Nicom. And there we shall see my Daughter *Moll* dance too, who tho' she do's not dance so well Couzen, as her Ladyships Daughter, yet tho' I say't.

Brag. Who? that's my wife that must be.

Nicom. As my Lady my Wife pleases Couzen. *Moll* has 6000l.

Brag. Ay that's well enough.

Le Pras. Come Madam, allons ;

[*Goes to take Lady Addleplots hand*

Brag. Will your Ladyship please to walk ? [*& Brag. takes her away from him.*

Le Pras. Pox on your damn'd English breeding.

L. Addle. Two hundred sheep : well I swear this French Monarch is a prodigious Conquerour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Boarding-School discovers Semibrief Teaching Miss Molly to Sing : Then Enter Young Merriton, Coopee, & Jenny dressed in a Bib & Apron, a Priest Song in one hand, and a great piece of Bread and Butter in t'other.

Coopee. Take heed your Actions don't discover ye—[*to Young Merriton.* you are taken here for a Dancing-Master.

Y. Merr. I'll warrant ye, & if thou can't but bring me into the dear Creatures Apartment all my remaining time of life shall study to requite the obligation.

Coopee. Not a word more, let me alone, follow me : [*Exeunt.*

Semib. The Song I'll teach in the afternoon, in the mean time Miss practise the Trill : come—au ha au ha au ha au ha—

[*Trills.*

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw—

[*Trills awkwardly.*

Semib. A plague ; what with your mouth full of bread and butter ?—for shame empty your Chops *Miss* there's a Trill for the Devil, see me here au ha au ha au—

Molly. Aw aw aw aw—hum ! —

[*bites another piece.*

Semib. So, she has got her mouth full agen, well Miss *Molly*, but that I love ye very well, I assure ye I would not endure this : pray lay by the bread and butter and practise the Trill, I'll step into the next room and teach a little, and be here again presently : —

[*Exit.*

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw hum hum—

[*trills and bites together.*

Here Coopee Re-enters and Sings this Song to the Minute that he is dancing with Jenny.

(1)

Make your Honours *Miss*, tholl loll loll,

Now to me Childe, tholl loll loll.

Aiery and easy now, tholl loll loll.

Very well done *Miss*, tholl loll loll.

Raise up your Body & hilde, tholl loll

Then you in time will rise : hob, tholl, la.

(2)

Hold up your head *Miss*, tholl loll loll

Wipe your Nose Child, tholl loll

When I press on ye, tholl loll loll

Fall back easy *Miss*, tholl loll loll

Keep out your toes too, tholl loll loll

Then you'll learn presently, hob, tholl la.

Bear

(3)

Bear your hips Swimmingly, tholl loll loll
 Keep your Eyes languishing, tholl loll loll
 Zoons where's your Ears now? tholl loll loll
 Leave off your Jerking, tholl loll loll
 Keep your knees open, tholl loll loll
 Else you will never do: hoh tholl la.

(4)

If you will love me Misse, tholl loll loll loll
 You shall dance rarely Childe, tholl loll loll,
 You are a Fortune Misse, tholl loll loll
 And must be Married Child, tholl loll loll
 Give me your Money Misse, tholl loll loll
 Then I will give you my, hoh tholl la.

Fenny. Oh dear Mr. Coopee indeed I love you very well, and will do any thing you'd have, but pray let me go now, for I'm so hungry—

[Runs out.]

Coopee. The Poor little Tit's as coming as heart can wish, I'm resolv'd to snap her, for I hear she's a fortune and worth while.

Enter Crowstich.

Crow. Jant, let the Buck-basket be got ready for the foul-cloaths, de'e hear, and bid the Landress take care to mend all the shifts; these great Ramping-girles do so tear their Linnen, it almost makes me wilde.

Coopee. Your Servant Mrs Crowstich.

Crow. How de'e Mr. Coopee, and de'e hear bid the Cook-maid Cut a hundred and fifty pieces of bread and butter round the Loaf; these Hoyden tits have plague's Stomachs.

Coopee. What is it breakfast time with 'em already then?

Crow. Always at nine a Clock, and they watch the hour as warily—as a Parson does his Glass when he is tired with preaching; this is their bread and butter-days, and each of 'em has a full half yard by measure, of which if there were but an Inch wanting, the greedy things will cry they are starv'd, and complain to their parents.

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw aw hum— [trills, bites, and romps about.]

Crow. There's one now, I vow and swear Mr. Coopee I am quite tir'd with that Romp there. Coming down Stairs this morning, what do you think I saw, I protest that great Beare there getting a stride upon John the Gardeners back as he was stooping down to gather a Sallet.

Coopee. Ha ha ha ha — [Exit Coopee. [Molly Romps About.]

Molly. What if I did? what then? what need you care? pray—aw aw.

Crow. But i'faith gentlewoman, you shall be well slash'd for't, the Governor's has a Clawing Rod a making:— [Claps her hand and Exit.]

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw aw — [makes mouths at her.]

Enter

Enter Jenny with a large piece of Bread and butter.

Jenny. Oh Sister, what did John Gardner do to you pray? oh law, oh law—

Molly. What's that to you long Nose, oh law oh law.

Jenny. My Governess will order ye she vows, and I'll tell my Mother on ye I'm resolv'd, she'll be here this afternoon.

Molly. And I'll tell my Father then how you peep'd upon Mr. Coopee t'other day when he was going a Swimming. *[Roms and pushes her.]*

Jenny. Ay tell tell Snotty-nose, what care I, my mother can order you, and my father both pray; besides *[pushes her]* hussy you peep'd as well as I that you did, so you did.

Molly. Go, go baby, and make dirt-pyes again, my father says I shall have a husband shortly pray.

Jenny. You,—my mother will bring me a tall huge husband home next week and methinks I long for a tall huge husband, and I am to leave off my Bib and Apron too. *[bites her bread and butter]*

Jenny. The Maids won't lye with you, you do I know what a bed.

Molly. Oh law, that's a great lye, and I'll tear your Eyes out.

Jenny. Hussy I'll pull your head off *[throws her bread and butter.]*

Molly. You shan't think to tell such Lyes on me to make Mr. Semibrief hate me, I'll tear ye alive first. *[they pull and hawl one another.]*

Enter Crowstich with a great Rod.

Crow. Rare work indeed, come Gentlewoman the Governess would speak with ye.

Molly. Oh oh oh—— *[howls out]* *[leads her out]*

Jenny. So, I'm glad on't i'vads, she'll be lash'd Swingingly.

[Roms off another way.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Young Merriton, Mirtilla and Coopee.

Coopee. I'll go and ask a Centry without, and if any body comes this way, shoot off my piece and give ye warning.

T. Merr. Ah dear Rogue I'm oblig'd to thee for ever. *[Exit Coopee.]*

Mirtill. The reverence I have to the very Name of my worthy Foster-Father Mr. Merriton, to whom you say you are related, and to whose virtue I stand Indebted, for all the Comforts of this life makes me submit my self with more willingness to this your Importunity, else Sir believe me, I should think this lonely Visit very improper, and not at all Concurring with my honour.

T. Merr. Your honour is a thing, I would defend against a World of Enemies, then think not Sweet that I would willingly do any thing to blast it, I know this private Visit may be censur'd, but not whilst 'tis a Secret, as 'tis now, I had no other way to express my Love, and not to have done it would have made me Miserable.

Mirtill. You Imagine Sir that my Soul is Muscull, and therefore treat me

me with that tunefull word ; but build not Sir, too much upon my Weakness ; for tho' my heart is tender and unartfull, and Love a bait most proper to deceive me, yet Virtue is a guard.

T. Merr. There needs no guard Sweet Angell against a Love so honourable as mine, the World is full of Treachery, and our Sex are brooding mischiefs dayly against yours, but I alas am of another Mould, my Soul by fate was design'd for your Slave, my heart still moves the narrow constant Road, in hopes in your's to finde at last it's heaven.

Mirtill. Oh that bewitching tongue would charm a Saint. [Aside.
you are not of the humour of the Town then : [to him

T. Merrit. I hate the Town and the vain Crowd are in it, the Bias'd Court and Mercenary City where gorg'd with Ignorance and Luxury, Wit is disgrac'd, the Sciences despis'd, and modest Merrit mourns in Rag's it's fortune, 'tis the Epitome of the nauseous world whose Vices I with such fell-hate persue, that I love nothing near the Town but you.

Mirtill. In loving me you doubly wrong your self,
I have Sir not power to make return.

T. Mer. Your heart is sure your own.

Mirtill. Most certainly : but where I give a heart I'll give a Fortune, and that alas my Niggard Stars deny me, yet think not that I neglect an honest Loye ; for to slight Merit were a baseness in me ; no, you shall find worth has a Friend of me, and shares my best acknowledgements and praise : you are a Man compleat by Heaven and Nature, most-qualify'd with Wit and rarest Arts, which from my Soul I always lov'd and honour'd, and therefore she that gains ye must be happy, but I whilst stinted by Injurious fate, can bring no equall value, therefore must think ye a Jewell much too Rich for me to wear.

T. Mer. How near to Heaven is my present Joy, from that sweet mouth to hear my self thus prais'd ; Oh thou dear source of all my worldly blessings, Eternal Rapture charms me from thy tongue, and whilst I hear thee I am deify'd, to loose thee were Damnation so Infallible, I question whether there could be a greater. [kneels and Embraces her.

Mirtill. Nay Rise Sir, or you'll make me dye with blushing.

T. Merr. Ah make me happy then, and give consent.

Mirtill. To what ?

T. Merr. To Marriage, to perform, sweet Angell that blessed work thou wert Created for.

Mirtill. Ah, Poverty and Marriage never suit.

T. Merr. Thou hast all *Craesus* Treasure in thy Virtues, and I in gaining thee shall be far Richer.

Mirtill. You think so now, but when wants make me troublesome then you'll upbraid and Chide me.

T. Merr. Ah never, never, can I chide my Genius for making my days happy.

Mirtill. I can be Constant Sir, therefore have patience, fortune may change and give to one or t'other the Power to oblige.

T. Merr. A cursed Fortune, still to Justice blinde,
Averse to Merit, but to Idcoets kinde :

[Thou

Thou Miser's Darling, and trifle of the Brave,
Niggard to the Poor, but to the Rich a Slave:
How nicely happy all Mankind would be,
Thou Nauseous Common-Whore, wer't not for thee.
How now—

Enter Coopee hastily.

Coop. Come, come, give him your hand quickly, here's *Crowstich* the Teacher coming, you must dance for your Liberty now Sir.

Enter Crowstich with a Night-rayle.

Crow. Madam, pray do's this Implement belong to you or to *Miss Scatterwater*, yonder Laundry Wench will face me down, that——Bless me, who's here [*sees Mer.*] how now Mr. *Semibrief*—wh'is that there in the Lads' quarters? [*folds up the shift hastily.*]

Coop. A Brother Hop-Merchant of mine Mrs *Crowstich* that I brought here to help to teach a little, having a lame leg.

Mer halts and dances awkwardly.

Crow. Come, come, you'll be wanted now in the Dancing-Room, there's my Lady *Addleplot* come already, and a great deal of good Company.

Coop. Odsow we must make hast then, for there's to be singing besides the Entertainment of a young Indian Lady:

A new Boarder that is to Dance

Mirtill. Sir, you'll remember to teach me the new Chacune.

[*Smiling on Merrit.*]

Y. Mer. Any thing that's mine Madam.

Exeunt

SCENE II.

The Dancing-Room.

In the Front appears several of the Boarders as Seated for the Ball, and on the side of the Stage others sitting as Spectators; among the rest L. Addleplot, Fearshift: L. Stroddle, and other Ladies, and on the middle of the Stage Le Prate, Y. Bragg, and Semibrief.

Le Prate. Ah *Jernie* vat a filthy place is this when compare vid our School in France, no Decorum, no Ornament, no Fresco, begar metink it stink a like a de Kitchin of de Lord Mawor—or the hold of a Ship begar.

Semib. Ah Sir, our Noses are not so Nice here in England.

Le Prate. Dat is as much as say you are all Sloven in England, gazoon your Jantee French Dancing-Master, all wear perfume and cover them all over vid rare Pulvile to take away de nauseous ill Ayre. Ugh—ugh,—oh fogh tis Intollerable.

Enter Crowstich with Miss Jenny holding a Waxwork Baby in a Glass.

Mirtill, Y. Merriton, and Coopee—Miss Jenny asks Blessing.

L. Addle. Bless ye, Bless my good Child, and make her a good woman, and

and the mother of many Children : I think she's grown since I saw her last Mrs Crowstich.

Crow. Mightily Madam, mightily, would she would grow in grace as much.

L. Addle. Lord save her pretty Moppet, hold up your head Jenny, and go and make a Courtesy to my Lady Stroddle : —

L. Strod. Your servant pretty Miss : — Indeed Madam, [Kisses her] as your Ladyship says she's grown extreamly, Miss, you are almost fit for a husband already ; hah Child.

Miss Jen. Hoh hoh hoh hoh — [laughs and makes a Courtesy ridiculously.

Crow. Fye Miss Jenny where are your hands now ? have I not told ye, you must remember to put 'em thus always ; when you make a Courtesy ?

[Miss Courtesys again.

L. Addle. That's my good Girl, Mounsieur Le Prat and Cozen Bownter you don't see Miss and her fine work here.

Le Prat. Madam, I beg your Ladyships pardon, and I am your most Obedient Slave pret Miss. — [Kisses her, and she Courtesys.

T. Brag. Dear Sweet Pretty Creature your's : — [Kisses her.

L. Strod. Well I vow Madam these Nudities are very Ingenious ; the Child is Extravagantly well bred.

Le Prat. Monsieur Coopee a word with you.

[Prat goes aside and makes motions as if dancing.

Semibr Here comes the t'other Romp that I told ye was so fond of me, I have hopes of getting her, for they say she's a swinging fortune.

[Enter Nicompoop and Molly.

T. Mer. Which on my Conscience will be no hard matter for thee to Compa's.

Semibr. I hope so, I'll try : —

Nicom. Come Molly, wipe thy eyes Child, I've take thee away from 'em to morrow, they shall whip thee no more seriously — [weeps.

Molly. Ugh ugh ugh — [Sobs and makes faces.

Nicom. Go and ask my Lady my Wife blessing, and then come to me again, de'e hear Molly : — that's a good girl.

T. Brag. This is my wife that is to be, if my Lady can bubble the old Cuckold to give consent : d'heart [Molly goes and asks blessing and then what shall I do with it 'tis a meer Baby. [rises up and runs to her Father.

L. Addle. Fogh, my Lady Stroddle, did your Ladyship ever see such a Nauseous thing ? 'tis so like the Father.

L. Stroddle. Her face has Mr. Deparys Clumsie Cut indeed Madam :

Le Prat. All dis, Monsieur Coopee I can shew you in less time den one half hour — tah tah — I have two tre hundred of de most admirable French Step — hark you me I will tell a you in four words.

Coopee. Four words Sir, you have spoke above four thousand in less than a minute. I can hear no more, I must beg your pardon, I must go teach.

[goes out from him.

Le Prat. Monsieur Merrison, did you ever see such a dam English Puppy ? I tell you vat Sir :

[Le Prat makes motions as in

T. Merrison. And brisly too, Sir or else — [Earnest discourse.

T. Brag. And did the Governess whip her, say ye Sir ? Why this is barbarous, but yet I see she's pretty brisk for all her Jerking.

Nicom. Brisk, nay, the Girl is mettled to the back seriously, but I'll take her away to Morrow I'm resolv'd, they shall jerk no Child of mine, if it must be done, I'll have the jerking her my self.

T. Brag. Well said Mr. Deputy, 'ds heart what a thing of a Spouse shall I have?

Enter Coopee with Guittars.

Jenny. Oh here's dear Mr. Coopee, — Sir your most humble Servant.

Coopee. Yours dear *Miss*, I have brought your Guittarr here, and harkee you'll be sure to be ready to morrow to get out as we have contriv'd

Jenny. Yes I warrant ye, and you shall see I'll do it so Cunningly.

[Aside.]

L. Addle. Oh *Jenny* has got her Guittarr, pray look upon her, Madam, there's an Ayre, there's a shape, there's an Ingenious look, fogg t'other awker'd Romp makes me sick.

Le Prat. De deevil take a me if in the space of half an hour *Monsieur Meriton*, I would not have tell a dat Ignorant English Puppy all dis, and hark you I will tell you one ting more——

T. Mer. No more *Monsieur*, not a word upon my faith, I am almost deaf already, besides I must see the Dance.

[flings away from him.]

Le Prat. Dis is ver strange dey vill no hear me speak begar.

Here the Romps perform a Ridiculous Dance with Guittars out of Tune.

L. Addle. Very fine, upon my honour, those Guittars agree with the dance admirably——hold up your head *Jenny*.

L. Straddle. And gives 'em a delicate Ayre, Madam, oh 'tis extream fine.

T. Mer. The Divil it is, gad a half-tub Strung with Packthread is better Musick by half.

Enter Jiltal in an Indian habit, and Oyley.

Le. Prat. Zoon who is dis I see my dear Sweet prett Metresse *Betty* in disguise, I must know vat dis mean

[goes and whispers Oyley.]

T. Meriton. Oh yonder's the Sham-Indian Heirefs the Rogue *Amorous* I see has dress'd her rarely.

[Here Jiltal Dances.]

[Then the Scene shuts out the rest.]

Le Prat. Fennie Metresse *Oyley* you ravish me to tell me dat your Lady came in disguise to entertain me.

Oyley. 'Tis most Certainly so Sir, you are most extreamly in her favour, this was a fit of Jealousie in her to find what Lady you hanker'd after:—— I find the Fool has money now.

[Aside.]

Le Prat. Jealousy begar is as true a sign of Love as huffing is of Cowardice, ah garzoon I languish, I dye, for her, dear Metresse *Oyley* can you tink I may Enter de fort of her favour for one hundred Guinny.

Oyley. A 100. Guinnys, ay, any fort in Christendom *Monsieur* assure your self.

Le Prat. Begar here dey are den but where, how shall I kiss her fair hand Dear Sweet Charming Metresse *Oyley*.

[shows a purse.]

Oyley. The Frenchmans as hot as if he were Bombing a fort in good Earnest——well, have patience a little *Monsieur*, and by and by——I'll bring you a Note——

[for your Money you French Fool]

[Aside.]

Le Prat. Aw I understand a you——mum——

L. Strad.

L. Strod. The Captain has a great many taking Qualities I perceive Madam; Pray Sir what Country-man are ye?

Y. Brag. If I should speak truth now, and tell her my Mother was a Sinderwench, and that I was whelp'd in the *Mews* Dunghil, how my Lady will be surpriz'd [*Aside.*] Madam, my Native Country was *Arabia Felix*, my Father was a very near Relation to *Prefter John*, The *Bouncers* of *Affrica* are the Ancient'st Family in the World, Madam, for my own part thirsting after Glory, I left my Country to assist at the late memorable Seige of *Buda*, where I stood upon the Breach just by the Governour at the Storming of the Town, I saw him fall, and narrowly Scap'd my self; after which action acquainting my self with a famous English Officer, one Colonel *Bragg*, I came over hither, where I soon learnt the Language, and had the honour to Ingratiate my self with her most noble Ladyship.

Le Prat. Oh dat is certain de Bounfers be ver great Family in *France* too.

[*Oyley comes and gives Le Prat. a Note in an Orange.*]

Y. Mer. The *Lyers* indeed are a great Family all the World over, now rather then not prate at all with that *French Fool*, joyn with 'tother in his monstrous vanity.

[*re Coopce.*]

Coop. If he's neither Singing, Dancing, nor Prating, you may conclude a *French Man* dead at any time.

Enter Nicompoop and Molly crying

Nicom. Oh *Cozen*, as I was standing at the door, just now, who should come by but that old sawcy *Granadeer* who had the Impudence to affront ye so yesterday, I told him you are within here, and that you would have him whip'd, and seriously, what does the old Rascal do but gave me a huge Box o'th Ear, call'd you a Thousand Sons of Whores, kickt *Molly*, beat two of my Lady's Footmen that took my part, and is just now forcing his way in hither seriously, o Lord!

Y. Brag. D'shert what shall I do, this is my old dog of a Father, now shall I be disgrac'd for ever.

Enter Old Bragg fighting with two Footmen.

Y. Merriton, and Le Prate part 'em.

Le Prat. Jernie—vat is de meaning of dis sa, sa, vat a Plague do you do.

O. Brag. Let me go and I'll beat the Rogues into Paste.

Y. Mer. Whats the matter Friend?

O. Brag. Oh are you there Sirrah?

[*runs to Y. Brag.*]

what you threaten to have me Whipt de'e, you Prodigal Son of a Whore — harkee dogbolt, who am I? hah!

Y. Brag. The Devil, I think, I'm sure y'are as great a plague to me,

[*Aside.*]

I must face him down with Impudence; there's no way else——what art thou mad old fellow? who wouldst thou speak with? ha!

O. Brag. Mad old fellow, here's an Impudent Rascal, what you have forgot me Rogue, have ye? but I'll rub up your Memory presently:——

[*offers to draw, Merrit. holds him.*]

Y. Mer. Why how now old Armour of proof de'e know to whom you give this Language, the Gentleman's a Captain.

O. Brag. Why let him be a Collonel, he's my Son, and I'll call him as many Rogues and Rascals as I please.

Y. Brag. Would I had been the Son of a Coach-horse.

[Aside.

Y. Mer. Thy Son, ha ha ha, this is pleasant i'faith; art thou the Stock of the Ancient family of the Bouncers of *Africa* ha ha ha ha ha.——

Le Prat. De fellow has not bin bred in *France* dat I'm sure.

Y. Brag. Hark'e Sir, I'm Courting a young Lady here that has fix thousand pound Fortune, follow my directions, and recover my Credit, and you shall have half. [To Old Brag.

O. Brag. Six Thousand Pounds——

Y. Brag. Every Farthing Sir; 'tis she yonder that stands by the old Gentleman.

O. Brag. And shall I have half, Neddey?

[Altering his Tone.

Y. Brag. You shall; therefore own your self to be Colonel Brag, an Acquaintance of mine at the Siege of *Buda*, and let me alone for the rest.

O. Brag. Why, this is fair now Neddy? now you don't abuse and slight your old Father, you are a good Boy—— Three Thousand Pounds! Gad Zooks! 'tis enough to make me a Colonel indeed.

Y. Brag. Mind your Cue; Ha, ha, ha, ha: Come dear Colonel, 'tis enough now, prithee leave off thy Joking, I see my Lady is surprized at it. Why, Madam, and Gentlemen, this was nothing but a Jest all this while, this is my dear Friend Colonel Brag that I met withal at *Buda*——

O. Brag. Yes, Madam, I am Colonel Brag, and as the Captain says, we met together at *Buda*.

Y. Mer. Methinks your Habit is not very like a Colonel, Sir.

L. Prat. Jernie de ver, resemblance of de English nasty foot Granadeer.

Y. Brag. Oh, a Jest, a Jest, the Colonel has often these Frolicks to come a broad in a Disguise; he has some Design in this now I warrant.

L. Addle. I warrant he is a Colonel o'th wrong side, by his beating my Footmen; the Rebels all know my Livery, and have a spite at it; and therefore pray tell him, Cozen, I care not for such Roysters Company.

Y. Brag. Sir, you'd do well to humour my Lady a little in her way, she's a great Stickler against the Government.

O. Brag. What, you'd have me speak Treason, would you ye Rogue; and so hoist my self to the Gallows before I'm aware.

Y. Brag. Would thou wert hoisted there fifty Cubits high: D'sheart, this old Scoundrel will discover all yet, I see by his awkward Carriage. [Aside.

L. Addle. A Filthy Beast! Come, Madam, let's leave him, and go and give order for our Bonfire. Madam, are your Ladyship's Jack-Boots ready.

L. Strod. They were liquor'd this Morning, Madam; I'm ready in a Minute.

L. Addle. Mr. Alderman, Come, let's go; Cozen Bouncer, come you away too from the Old Rebel, I have occasion to use ye.

Y. Brag. Ple wait on ye, Madam. Meet me at the Magpy-Tavern at Nine. [To O. Brag.]

[Exeunt L. Addle. L. Strod. Thrum. Y Brag.

O. Brag. Enough, I'll come——Gentlemen, Good buy. [Exit O. Brag.

Y. Mer. Oh, your Servant good Colonel *Musquet*, ha, ha, ha, I will know the bottom of this Cheat I'm resolv'd, and to effect it thou shalt go and invite 'em to a Glas of Wine with me to morrow.

Cooper. That old fellow is certainly a Counterfeit; but what is t'other? Is he really a Captain?

Y. Mer. No more than thou art a General: 'Tis the Common Title now-a-days

days for all the Bullies, Shop-lifts, Robbers, Pimps, Panders and Rakehels about the Town; any tall Fellow that can but get a red Coat on's Back is dubb'd a Captain presently: But prithee let's go, whilst the Monsieur is busie yonder, for fear he should thrust himself upon us; and dear Rogue, procure me but another Meeting to Morrow with *Mirtilla*, and then I'm thine for ever.

Coopee. I'll do what I can, but you may thank your Dancing Faculty.

[*Exeunt Mer. and Coopee.*]

Le Prat. Jernie, heer be de very pret Fancy, a Sheny Orange vid de Billet Doux wrap in it; ha, ha, ha, let a me see now vat it say? Ha!—'Tis from my deer sweet Mrs. *Betty*, Begar—I'll go into the Garden and read it, for I see here comes more Company.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Rakehel, Amorous, and Jiltall, in a Rage.

Jiltal. Patience! Talk not to me of Patience, Mr. *Amorous*, I will have Justice.

Amor. You shall, Madam, you shall.

Jiltal. I'll have him hang'd, I'll make a Parliament business of it, I'll make him an Example to all Villanous cheating Guardians; I'll mount him, tho it cost me half the Estate.

Rakehel. This is a very Indian Devil.

Amor. 'Tis well she's ignorant who you are, Sir; for she has such a Devilish Spirit, that, Gad, if she knew, she'd go near to tare ye to pieces.

Rake. The very Issue of a Dragon; Gadzooks, I'm afraid to come near her.

Jiltal. Would I had the Villain here? I'd tare his Throat out with these Fingers, I'd chop him into more pieces than ever *Medea* did her Brother *Abfirtus* in Story: What say you, Sir? would not you help me to murder the Villain, hah—

Rakehel. O yes, Madam; I'd have a Leg or an Arm of the Rascal if he were here.

[*Trembling.*]

Jiltal. A Treacherous bloody kidnaping Villain, hah, Sir!

Rakehel. Oh, a Rogue, a Rogue, a very Rogue!

Jiltal. Oh that this Dagger were in his Hearts Blood.

Rakehel. He were right serv'd if it were, Madam.

[*Shud bow I tremble.*]

Jiltal. But the Gallows shall perform the Work more decently; therefore Mr. *Amorous*, if you have any Love for me, as you profess, lose not a minut's time in the Prosecution; you know the Witnesses are all ready, and want nothing but a Summons; I think the Law cannot fail to do me right in so notorious an Abuse; but if it should, I swear by *Mars*, *Apollo*, *Venus*, *Mercury*, and all the Powers of Fire, Air, Earth and Water, rather than let my Cause be left in the Lurch, I'll stab him, tho I do it in the Church.

[*Exit.*]

Rakehel. Ay, there I would give thee leave, for I never come into one; but that's all one on my Conscience, this Fury will be the Death of me one way or other.

Amor. Certainly, Sir; For to say Truth, she has often a mad Fit takes her, and then she fears neither God, Man, nor the Devil; she got it with drinking Brandies and Hot Waters in the Indies, Sir.

Rakehel. Well Cozen, I see I must depend upon thee—What relief, hah?

Amor. Why, Sir, to shew what a Value I have for ye, and what Care for your Reputation, make up the Estate of Seven hundred a Year that I sold

ye,

ye, a Thousand, and settle it upon me, and I'll instantly marry her, and give you a Discharge for all the rest.

Rakebel. Well, well, I'll do't Nephew, I'll do't, for I find, if I should carry it against her by Law, I shall never carry my own Guts in quiet an hour after; she'll have her Dagger amongst 'em before I'm aware.

Amor. Ay Sir, besides the Disgrace of Kidnapping you know.

Rakebel. Ay, 'tis time; but Mum for that, good Nephew; thou knowest all Flesh is frail, and 'twas a shrewd Temptation: Go, go, and get the Writings ready, and I'll Seal to Morrow: But prithee when thou hast Married her, keep her within doors; for Gadzooks, I had rather eat a Fricassly of Souls with *Belzebub*, than meet her in my Dish again. [Exit Rakebel.]

Re-enter Jiltall.

Jilt. Ha, ha, ha, ha——Is he gone?

Amor. And most damnably frightened, what betwixt the shame of being taken for a Kidnapper, and his own Cowardly Apprehensions of being Murdered, he's e'en out of his Wits; the business is done, ye little Devil, the Writings are going to be drawn for a Thousand a Year, and he's to Seal to Morrow.

Jiltal. Ah, dear Dog, I am glad on't for thy sake, I vads *Jacky*; and I think I acted to the Life.

Amor. Rarely, Rarely, and thy Settlement shall fare ne're the worse for't; it may chance to swell to Five Hundred a year now, ye dear Devil you.

[Kisses her.]

Jilt. No indeed sweet Blood, that's too much I'm afraid, you'll think I'm mercenary, *Jacky*; Mrs. *Strikeup*, Sir *Thomas Rental's* Mistress, 'tis true, has Five Hundred a year; but for my part, my dear Honey, sweet Puppy-face, thou art so Charming I can love thee without e're a Groat.

Amor. Ah! dear *Betty*, I love thee so entirely, that I think I can never do enough for thee: Prithee let's go and be private a little, shall we?

Jilt. Not now, dear *Jacky*, there's the Governess and some other Boarders in my Chamber, who expect me at supper, but to morrow my Honny-suckle Rogue I'll be thine all day——till when my little dear sweet Apes Face, adieu——Ah Sirrah, I'm too fond of thee. [Strokes and kisses him and Exit.]

Amor. Well, go thy ways, if all thy Charming Sex had Souls like thee despising base Confinement and wore thy constant kind endearing humour, in what a forlorn state were Matrimony! A Wife! why is not she the best of Wives, that loves me, that pleases and indulges my desires, and all still upon honour, without force, and this, dear *Betty*, is thy Character.

Marriage the product of Convenience is,

'Tis Love with freedom brings the truest Bliss.

Enter Le Prat from the Garden.

Le Prat. Ha, ha, ha, ha——

Amor. How now, what makes this French Puppy here grinning? so Monsieur, you are very merry, I see.

Le Prat. Merry! ay begar, I have de ver good reason too if you knew all——dis Lettra dat you see here make me de most happy person in de whole World, begar.

Amor. A Letter! what from some young thing here I warrant, that's smitten with thy airy parts; come prithee——discover thou knowest I am thy Friend, art stealing a Fortune here? hah——

Le Prat.

Le Prat. Dam Fortune, she's a blind Bawd dat obliges none, but Fool-begar; dis Intreague is beyond all de Fortune in de World, which becaufe you are de Man of Honour I will communicate; you must know den dat here is great Beauty in dis Town dat goes by the name of Madam Jiltal.

Amor. Ha, Jiltal! —

Le Prat. A rare Creature, both for de Shape, de Wit, de Beauty, and e-very ting dat is incomparable.

Amor. So, Sir.

Le Prat. Now you must know dat at intreaguings is de very soul of the French, and my self being always great Admirer of dat Gallantry, I have endeared my merit so much in her Favour, by de Song, de Fiddle, de Present, and oder ting shall be nameless, dat she came yesterday hither in an Indian habit to meet me.

Amor. To meet you —

Le Prat. Yes, begar, ha, ha, ha, vas not ver pretty frolick, hah, for you must know dat we have sometime met together in oder place before now.

Amor. Damnation! What does this Rascal mean [*Aside.*] This must be my Betty, it can be no other — So, Sir, and that Letter is from her, is it?

Le Prat. Just now sent to invite me to her private Chamber, where dere is de Bed, and Couch, and Chair, and all oder convenience; ah, 'tis full of de most tender obliging expression dat ever vas writ; dere, read, you shall find she has great deal of Wit — she's ver fine person, ma foy.

Amor. Hell take me if it be not her own Character! Oh patience!

[*Reads the Letter.*]

Your Merits, dear Sir, have so won upon my heart that I can no longer defer your desire; therefore you may come, if you please, by the Back Garden up Stairs into my Apartment; for I'm oblig'd to stay here to night upon some urgent occasion; now is your time, and to endear ye more, know that I intend to feign my self sick to a young passionate Fool that loves me and waits for admittance, to possess the greater Pleasure of enjoying your sweet Company.

Le Prat. Ay, dat Fool, dat Fool, de turning away of dat fool dat wait, please me most of all — ha, ha, ha, vat tink you? Hah, is not she an Angel?

Amor. A down right Devil.

Le Prat. Deevle! who, who, Jernie, vat are you tinkings on? Oh you are surpris'd at her Wit are you? ha, ha, ha, vel begar, I believe she has the richest brain in all England, ma foy, and is assurement the greatest.

Amor. Jilt in Europe, by Heaven! Oh — Confound her, is all [*Stamps the Vows and fondness come to this* — Ah dear *Merrison* now I confess my Blindness and thy Judgment.

Le Prat. Hey! Vat a Diable is de matra? nay, nay, if you be mad, come give me de Lettra, and let me go, for I long to be embracing de dear, dear ravishing Creature dat stay for me.

Amor. Why then let me tell you, Monsieur *Rantipol* tanto, you shall not have her Letter, nor shall you go to her neither.

Le Prat. Hey morbleau, vat time of the Moon is dis, — vat you mean Monsieur!

Amor. Why I mean to signifie to ye Monsieur, that this Charming Angel of yours has been my Whore this seven years; I settled an Estate upon her in 87, carried her to *Flanders* in 88, and spent two thousand pounds upon her in 89, brought her over with me in 90, and now this present year find my self jilted and resolve a Revenge, therefore consent to quit all pretensions to her instantly or draw,

Le Prat.

Le Prat. Draw, dis is ver fine begar, I come heeder to make Love, and you will force me to make War, but it never shall be say dat a Frenchman desert his Mistress, or his Intreague—Come on Monsieur, sa, sa.

[Leaps backward, and fences at a distance.]

Amor. A Plague, what you are dancing a Galliard, are ye—Come, I'll shew ye an English step, Sir,

[Presses in, fights, and disarms him.]

Le Prat. Gazoon, vat dam Fortune is dis? I have shame my Country—begar dis is de first time dat ever de French were foil'd.

Amor. Oh, Sir, you are ill read in History I find; come, there's your Sword agen, you see I scorn to make you beg your Life; therefore in return of Honour, fail not to meet me here to morrow at this time; I have business with ye—

Le Prat. Begar, you are ver brave Fellow, therefore I'll come; and dee hear Monsieur, when ever our great Monarch come and conquer your Country, de Devil take a me, but I will do as much for you.

Amor. Oh, I thank ye Sir.

Le Prat. Dis is ver brave Fellow, ma foy, but a Plague of his dam English step for all dat.

[Exit Le Prat.]

Amor. And now to ruminate on my Revenge,
And right my self in this strange turn of Fortune;

For oh, I lov'd this Jilt beyond my Reason,
Wounded my heart afresh, and every night
Fancied I had the first sweet budding Noddy,
When every Flower was common in the Market.

Suppose I poison, or I strangle her,

Why, I send her to th' Devil, my self to th' Gallows.

What satisfaction! Suppose I trade with some of her Aunts the Bawds, and get the Pox, and give it her, why then the Venom of her own Nature will relieve it, and I alone am wretched, or should I cut her into little Morfels, like a true Serpent, every part would live, and every part would joyn agen to sting me. No, I have it, the Purse is the Whores mortal part, I'll stab her there.

Learn this by me, you that desert kind Wives,

And with this cursed Tribe debauch your Lives;

For Gold you gain a thousand Sweets and Dears,

But cease to pay, and then the Punk appears.

[Exit.]

The End of the Third Act.

A C T. IV. Scene I. A Tavern.

Enter Y. Meriton, and Amorous.

Y. Mer. **T**O laugh at thee is not like a Friend, and to rail at her would be to no purpose: I only hope thou wilt value my Judgment another time, and in the present Juncture make a good use of this lucky discovery.

Amor. I warrant thee, thou shalt as much value me for my discretion now, as thou didst formerly wonder at me for my strange stupidity; but yet by Heaven it shocks my very Nature to think such barbarous ingratitude could injure such true Love.

Y. Mer. That Love was rather a Disease in thee than otherwise; thou hadst

hadst a Callenture; and thy strange madness muffled her jilting mischiefs from thy Eyes.

Amor. Damn'd Mercenary Whore.

T. Mer. Oh fie! How canst thou rail at a poor Creature for acting of her kind? A Whore and Jilt are Boot and Spur, the one depends on t'other, and 'tis unreasonable to expect a separation; and if thou thinkest thy Wit or Love could make her constant, thou art weaker still; for a Whore has no Love but what depends on Appetite; the courtest Food often goes down the best, and is just like one invited to an excellent Treat, yet is not satisfied, nor thinks himself well entertained, unless after all you let him take a nasty Pipe of Tobacco.

Drawer within. Half a Flask in the King's Arms, Score.

Amor. How near the cursed Nature of the Devil is such a nauseous Creature? Yet such there are I find. *Enter Drawer.*

Sir, there's a Gentleman below desires to speak with ye.

Y. Mer. Oh, 'tis Coopee; go and send him up, Sirrah. *[Exit Drawer.]*
I employ'd him, Jack, about a pleasant Discovery of the Colonel and Captain I told thee of — Well, what now Tom? *[Enter Coopee.]*

Coopee. They are coming, Sir; and 'twill make you laugh to see in what a strange Romantick Dress the old Sham-Colonel's in now; he looks just like the old Picture of Gideon in the Hangings, and struts as if he were newly come from lapping at the River.

Y. Mer. I'm resolved to find out the Trick now; and if thou canst get the Romp and the Six Thousand Pounds, thou dost thy self a Profit, me a Pleasure.

Amor. What, the Rogue is stealing one of the Kitlins from the Boarding-School, is he?

Coopee. Faith, Sir, I think you have nicked it, for all she can do yet is to Purrr and Mew a little, she is not come to her Scratching. But there has a plaguy Accident hapned since I saw you last.

Y. Mer. What, Prithee? a discovery of any thing?

Coopee. All, all, Faith; and the business is this moment in Agitation; that damn'd Witch *Cromwich* has told the Governess that I used to cram the Girl with Almonds and Reasons, and when I taught her to Dance, kiss her between every Step, upon which Mr. Deputy and my Lady are sent for this Afternoon; for my part, I was discarded presently: but to shew ye that I have play'd my Game very well, just as I was going out of Door, the poor young Fool follow'd, and pretending to give me a Song-Book, pinn'd this Note to the first leaf, ha, ha, ha — Here, you may read it if you can, for she does but just scrawl, and spells worse than a Town-Whore in a *Billet-doux*.

Y. Mer. Reads the Letter:

If you lose me as you portend, and will marro me, and let me go abroad to eat Comfward and Chesscock as often as I please, I will lose you butter than my Father, and will come to you out at the Balconey in the Jurdain at Eight a Clock just after we have Soot. I am, sweet Mr. Coopee, your true Friend, Jenny Addleplot.
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Amor. Ha, ha, ha, ha. One that never knew it, might swear that Letter came from a Boarding-School by the Lose and Butter that's in't.

T. Mer. So, why this goes very well, hah, and thou intendest to be at the Balconey at the time appointed, dost not. *F* *Coopee.*

Coopee. Most punctually: For I hear my Lady intends to match her to this Coxcomby Captain that's coming hither, but I'll prevent her Faith, I'll about it instantly. [Exit Coopee.]

Y. Mer. Oh, here comes the Colonel—Now for the Discovery.

Enter O. Brag, ridiculously dress'd like an Antick Officer, and Y. Brag, with him.

Y. Brag. Now, Sir, be sure you don't discredit your self, but remember you are a Colonel still.

O. Brag. Sirrah, hold your Tongue, and leave off your sawcy Instructions or as I am a true Granadeer——

Y. Brag. O Lord, O Lord, a Granadeer already!

O. Brag. A true Colonel I mean, Sirrah, I will swinge you incessantly.

Y. Mer. Oh Colonel, your most humble Servant, and Captain yours;——
Pray know my Friend here. [They Salute.]

O. Brag. Gentlemen, I am your Worm to tread upon, the Lappet of your Shooe, your Slave of Slaves, and shall be proud to serve you, whether in the Celler, the Kitchen, or the Stable.

Y. Brag. So now he talks like a Groom, a Tapster, and Scullion—I shall be undone.

Y. Mer. Oh, you debase your self too much, Colonel, for so great an Officer, performing such an Action as yours at the Siege of *Buda* qualifies ye to be a General to some great Monarch.

Amor. Pray, Colonel how is their Method of Fortification at *Buda*?

O. Brag. *Buda*, Sir?

Y. Brag. Ah, he's foundred already: Dheart, Sir, own you have an ill Memory presently, or you'll spoil all. [Aside.]

O. Brag. I've a very ill Memory Gentlemen, I hope you'll excuse me.

Y. Brag. Tell 'em you hurt your Brain by catching a great Cold with lying in the Winter-Trenches in *Hungary*.

O. Brag. Why, when was I in *Hungary*, Sirrah? This Rogue crams so many Lies into my Mouth together, that Gadzooks, 'tis a pain to me to know which I shall get out first. [Aside.]

Amor. You must needs be able to give a good Account of the famous Transaction at *Buda*, Sir: Come, pray let's hear.

Y. Brag. Say yes, yes Sir, and I'll help ye out. [Aside to O. Brag.]

O. Brag. Yes, yes Sir, at least the Captain here can, if I can't. Go and manage your Lie your self, ye Dog, I'm almost choak'd. [Aside to Y. Brag.]

Y. Brag. We were both drawn out, Gentlemen, in the Detachment that receiv'd the Assault; the Colonel here, I must needs say, behav'd himself more like a Lion than a Man. And for my own part, I escap'd by Miracle; I fought on Foot three Hours by the Clock, when above twelve Great Field-Pieces play'd at me all the while as thick as Hail; I had the Honour to Horse the King of *Poland* twice, lent my own Sword to the Duke of *Bavaria* when he was in Distress; and at last, with a Clapper of a Bell, which a swinging Turk that I had just before kill'd, had us'd instead of a Battle-Ax, fought through their Vantguard, and came off safe in spire of 'em.

Y. Mer. A Clapper of a Bell! Why Captain, there are no Bells in *Turkey*.

Amor. No, Captain, no—The *Turks* never use any Bells or Clappers neither.

Y. Brag. Ah plague of my heedless Nonsense, what shall I say now. [Aside.]

O. Brag. Hold ye, Gentlemen, hold ye, I can make it out plain: Now will

I help the Rogue off at a dead lift.

[Aside.]

Amor. What, that the *Turks* use Bells, Colonel Coddlebrain.

O. Brag. The *Turks*, No, no : But you must know that the Captain there was formerly Prentice to a Black-smith, and brought the Clapper to the Wars along with him.

[*O. Brag.* frets and stamps.]

Y. Mer. Oh, that may be indeed—Your Servant, Noble Captain.

Amor. Much Good may't do ye with your Clapper, worthy Captain.

Y. Brag. Ah, Pox of your Plain-dealing—I'm disgrac'd for ever now : What do you mean by this Colonel, when was I Prentice to a Black-smith, hah !

[Kicks him.]

O. Brag. When ? Why, what a damn'd shallow Brain hast thou : Why, wert not thou Prentice to Old *George Grimble* when I sold Brandy and Tobacco by the Church-wall at *Antwerp*, just the Winter before I list'd my self a Granadeer.

Y. Mer. A Granadeer !

Y. Brag. Ah the Devil ! now all's out, and nothing can retrieve it.

Amor. No, no, a Granadeer : He list'd himself a Colonel, I warrant ; hah—what say'st thou ?

O. Brag. Ay.

Y. Mer. Ay, a very fine Story you have made of this indeed, and I shall inform my Lady presently of your great Merit and Extraction ; and so my most Noble Black-smith Adieu.

Amor. Your Servant, honest Granadeer.

O. Brag. Hold, Sir, tho' the Captain here be a kind of a Coward, or so, yet you shall know that I have a Sword.

[Goes to draw.]

Y. Mer. And Dagger, I know it ; all Granadeers have. Come, come, 'tis in vain to betestify with us ; there's Mony for the Wine, you can't do less than drink together when we are gone—Hush, not a word more.

Amor. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

[Exit *Mer.* and *Amor.*]

O. Brag. and *Y. Brag.* stare at each other.

Y. Brag. Ah ! plague of your *Antwerp* Occupation, here's 6000*l* lost now, and the best Maintenance that ever Man had : Oh, I'm lost, ruin'd for ever ! I shall never be kept again, that touches the very Soul of me : Oh ! What shall I do ?

O. Brag. Why, take your Turkish Battle-Ax, and go to the Wars, Captain, you'll get Immortal Honour I know presently ; and so here's my Service to ye, good Captain Clapper.

[Drinks to him.]

Y. Brag. Nay, let it be some of the Brandy then that you sold by the Church-wall, good Colonel Granadeer : D'heart, was the Devil in ye to talk at that Rate ?

O. Brag. What, Sirrah, I warrant you thought I had cramm'd a dozen or two of Lies in the hinder part of my Jaw, as a Monkey does the overplus of his Dinner. But, Sirrah, I'd have you know I was of too honest a Principle.

Y. Brag. Honest ! Ay, that's it has made ye dine so often on pickled Herrings and hard-Cheese ; Oh, what will become of me ?

O. Brag. Come, come, Sirrah, take the Gentleman's Advice, and strip from that flattering Coat, and sell it, 'twill serve to make us merry a considerable while ; and since these Titular Captains are most of 'em Rogues, I'll provide you a new Title, you shall serve the King and Queen, Sirrah, and be as I am, an honest Granadeer.

Y. Brag. Lord, Sir, what do you mean ? If my Lady should but hear I was in

Company where they but named the King and Queen, she would discard me for ever—And I have yet some small Hopes.

O. *Brag*. Sirrah, I'll have you hope no more hopes; but let my Lady be pox'd by her whole Party, cramp'd with her Jack-boots, and choak'd with her cold Tea. Come, come, strip, strip, I'll have the Coat off presently; that Lace will keep us two Months at least, in Tobacco, Brandy, and Red Herrings.

Y. *Brag*. Oh the Devil, he's at his old Play agen.

O *Brag*. Come, come; quick, quick; off with Hat, Peruke, and Coat; quick, I say.

Y. *Brag*. Quick! Ay, as quick as my Legs can carry me, [*runs out*] if you are at that sport.

O. *Brag*. Say you so, Rascal? I'll be with ye presently Faith. [*runs after.*]

S C E N E II. The Boarding-School.

Enter Mirtilla with a Book in her hand.

Mirtill. Reads.

Embarras'd at last, and sculk'd into the Hold;
My Flight was to my jealous Parents told;
As much too timorous they, as I too bold.
Ah dear, dear Ovid, how thy precious Wit,
Drest in the glittering Robe of Charming Poetry,
Moves my soft Soul?—When e're thou writest of Love,
Methinks my Heart melts with the Sacred Flame,
And even makes Virgin Innocence grow wanton:
For then dear *Merriton* I think on thee,
And every Thought begets an Extasie,
Almost too fierce for Vertue to endure:
Yet tho' I love thee, my Resolves are constant,
I'll sigh and mourn for thee my dearest Friend,
But can no more, till our hard Fortunes mend.

Enter Lady Addleplot, Crowstich, and L. Stroddle.

L. *Addle*. You amaze me, Mrs. *Crowstich*, with this Discovery: I thought it impossible the Girl should be so wild.

Crow. 'Tis strange indeed, Madam, for one of her years; but your Ladyship shall have the proof on't presently.

Mirtill. She here! To disturb my Contemplation: Horrid Creature! How shall I avoid her? [*Exit Mirtill.*]

L. *Addle*. The t'other Dowdy indeed I always imagin'd indocible; but that Sir *Arthur's* Offspring, a Child born of my own Body, Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, Vitals of my Vitals, that she should degenerate, I am amaz'd at it!

L. *Strod*. To look so much below her self, as to fancy a little Dancing-Master; 'tis not adequate to your Ladyships Blood that runs in her, I confess.

Enter Jenny.

L. *Addle*. Whither were you going you great Romp? ha?

Jenny. Oh Pray Mam forgive me this time, and I'll never do so agen.

Crow. Only to Mr. *Coopee*, Madam; this has been hatching a good while; the t'other too is as mad for *Semibrief* our Singing-Master; they were both found Romping in the Garden with 'em last Night, but the Governor has turn'd them away, for't. Here she comes with her Father, we told him her Tricks already.

Enter

Enter Nicompoop, Molly, and Tearshift.
Nicom. Ah Madam, the Girls are both undone seriously!
L. Addle. The Girls! I hope you don't couple your *Tearshift* there with Sir *Arthur's* Breed, Jack Sawce!—Ah *Tearshift*, 'tis evident now that filthy thing there has quite spoil'd Miss by keeping her Company.

Tear. 'Tis certainly so, Madam, there's no comparison between the Childrens Parts.

L. Addle. I'll examine her my self. *Hussey*, speak the Truth, and scape the Rod: What did you and that awkward Creature do with *Coopce* and *Semibrief* in the Garden last Night?

Jenny. No hurt, truly, truly now.

L. Addle. What business had ye there? What was your Design? Come, don't ye lie.

Jenny. Why, we Eat, ugh, ugh, we eat a dozen of Custards there.

L. Addle. A dozen of Custards, very well.

Jenny. And about Fourteen Cheescakes.

Molly. There wan't Fourteen then, there was but Thirteen in all, and I have one of them in my Pocket here. [*Pulls out a great Cheescake, and eats it.*]

L. Addle. My Lady *Stroddle*, did ye ever hear such a filthy Romp?

L. Stroddle. She has a little too much of the vulgar in her, Madam.

Nicom. Madam, I beseech your Ladyship to hear *Molly* tell what Words pass'd between 'em, and what that impudent Singing-matter said to her.

L. Addle. Prithee hold thy Tongue.

Nicom. Pray Madam, let me beg your Ladyship. Come *Molly*, leave chewing your Cheescake, and tell my Lady, Child.

Molly. Why, he ask'd me—

Jenny. But pray Mother don't be angry with Mr *Coopce*, for he's a mighty pretty Man, and the best *Caperer* in all the Town.

Molly. And pray Father don't fall out with Mr *Semibrief*, for he's a fine Man every inch of him, and the best *Triller*, aw, aw, aa, au.

Nicom. The poor Fool wins upon me so with her pretty Carriage, that seriously I can deny her nothing: Come and kiss me, *Molly*.

L. Addle. Foh, how the Brute licks the Calf yonder on Well, Mrs. *Crowsick*, tho' the Fellow has been sawcy with her; 'tis not so far gone I see, but the Girl may be reclaimed.

Crow. Ah Madam, this is not half her Fault; if this had been all I had born it with some Patience; but, Madam, he has taught her to be a Rebel too.

L. Addle. Hah!

Crow. And made 'em drink Confusion to the French three times one after another, in Sillabub.

L. Addle. Degenerate Bastard? Is't possible! I had rather she had been choak'd.

Crow. Nay, and what's worst of all, the Villan made her sit on's Knee and sing an impudent Ballad twice over in praise of King *William*.

L. Addle. A young Whore, gad I'll whip her presently before ye all.

[*Runs to her and they interpose.*]

Nicom. Nay, dear Lady, seriously, you'll put your self into such an heat.—Hussey get ye gone.

Jenny. I've a trick for't yet, for I'll go and hide my self till night, and then get out to Mr. *Coopce* at the Belcony.

[*Runs off.*]
Molly.

Molly. And I'll get out at the Cellar-Window to Mr. *Semibrief* and be gone from 'em all I'm resolv'd on. [Runs out.]

L. Addle. Away ye Coxcomb, or I'll give you as much; 'd life a young Jade to drink Confusion to the *French*; I shall hate Sillibub as long as I live for's; but I'll claw her, I'll teach her to turn Rebel. [Exit after her.]

Nicom. Pray Mrs. *Crowsitch* go and strive to pacifie her, for she is in a devilish humour seriously. [Exeunt.]

Enter Young Merriton and Mirtilla.

Mirtil. But to pass upon 'em thus for a dancing Master and undiscovered, is a strange Riddle to me.

Y. Mer. It pleas'd Mrs. *Crowsitch* to introduce me, who it seems, has some friendly opinion of my qualification for my performance Yesterday; beside, what can be strange to Love, who'd not change Shapes like *Jove* for such a *Danae*?

Mirtil. Who would not talk like you that had your Wit?

Y. Mer. Or who would live confin'd here, that had yours? once more think on my Suit then dear Angel.

Mirtil. Nay, now you are unjust; did you not promise, provided I would suffer ye to see me, to touch no more upon that jarring string?

Y. Mer. If that be jarring, there is then no Musick; but Discord is the Soul of Harmony. I own I promis'd ye, alas! but how? as men in Fevers promise not to drink, yet have no Ease or Comfort till they break it; or as to modest Virgins newly wedded and beg a Weeks Reprieve, we seem to promise, but how can that e're bind the amorous Bridegroom, when there's necessity it should be broke?

Mirtil. Little should I depend upon your promise, when you had power, that can infringe it now.

Y. Mer. All things of sense unanimously excuse me; I cannot look upon thee without loving, nor love thee but I must renew my suit.

Mirtil. A Suit bent to the ruin of us both.

Y. Mer. No, rather to our Souls Eternal Comfort.

Mirtil. Oh Heaven! What Comfort can there be in Love, curb'd and confin'd by Poverty?

Y. Mer. We have no Poverty, whilst we love enough; the Dross of gilded Luxury ne're can equal the Glittering Ore of our sublime Contentment. Thou hast a Soul I know disputes Fortune as much as vile unchastity or folly; a Soul that sits in the middle of her Wheel with Wings still poyz'd, not mounting up, nor falling, but in a constant Station fixt, canst smile at those that climb, and those that hurry down.

Mirtil. I have so, and I own I think as little of the vain noisy fluttering World as you, the gawdy Pop or haughty thing of Title, the strutting Prelate, or the Knave in Furs can laugh at too; nay I could be contented with the least gift of Fate, if that were all.

Y. Mer. If that were all! What is there else, sweet Life?

Mirtil. 'Tis not for my own sake that I deny, but, Sir, for yours; if we were married, perhaps I should love ye, nay love ye dearly; perhaps have Children too, some half a dozen pretty smiling Blessings to cling around and help Lives tedious Journey with the dear nonsense of their prattling Stories. But should the freezing hand of Want afflict us, what should we do, but sit by our small fire, Tears in our Eyes and throbbing Griefs at Heart, to see our little Flock of unshedg'd *Cupids*, shivering with Cold as wanting necessities, who

who looking wishly on us seem'd to say, why would you marry thus to make us miserable?

Y. Mer. Thou talkst of Children, and I think of Heaven, when I conceit thou art to be their Mother; oh I would learn to out-dig my Grandfire Adam, e're thou shouldst want the profits of the Earth, or my dear Children born of thy sweet Body, their due or proper sustenance.

Mirtil. And what must I do then when you should dig? I know in Marriage we must share the Troubles as well as Joys of him we are confin'd to; can I see him that lies within my Arms so full of cares he has scarce time for Love, rise early to provide for me and mine, and I not knit, or sow, or spin or something? The labouring Husband that has a lazy Wife may not only suspect her Love, but Vertue—No, I'de never part from you in your ill Fortune, but will not be the Cause to bring it on ye.

Y. Mer. You cannot be the Cause I have enough, tho' not what you deserve.

Mirtil. But I alas! have not enough for you.

Y. Mer. No matter, Heaven will prosper.

Mirtil. That I hope, and then my Tongue shall tell another story, till when adieu; and yet I believe I value ye, and 'tis value keeps me from consenting.

Y. Mer. Come, come, 'tis plain you hate me; for if you did not, Fortune and Wealth were Trifles.

Mirtil. Be ungrateful and think so still. *Y. Mer.* I must and will by Heaven!

[*Is going out, and Old Merriton meets him.*]

O. Mer. How now Son? Why in such hast? Come back agen.

Mirtil. My Foster Father here, and in this unhappy juncture! Oh Heaven! What shall I say to excuse my self?

Y. Mer. Sir, I beseech ye give me leave, I'm ill o'th' suddain, and want a little Air—What makes he here? She said indeed she was beholding to him, but how, Heaven knows: Ple observe more hereafter, this may be a Riddle worth finding out. [*Exit.*]

Mirtil. Sir, I am afraid I have offended you, finding me thus discourting with your Kinsman in this suspicious manner.

O. Mer. To fear implies a Guilt; I know your Vertue, and you might have spared that word; beside, he is my Son.

Mirtil. Your Son! Nay, then a Sisters Amity may well excuse this Freedom; 'twas Sir, your Interest first that introduced him; for any Blood of yours meer Gratitude would prompt my throbing Heart to love and honour.

O. Mer. 'Twas warm discourse you had, the purple Signal that yet remains displayed within your Cheeks, confirmed me that your Tongues have had a Battle, and Love or War has fiercely been denounced.—Pray let me know, and if I've interest in ye, as for past Cares I cannot doubt I have, give me a share in the discovery.

Mirtil. Sir, I dare trust you with my secret Sins, much more then with my little worldly Business: Know then, your Son has oft been pleas'd to honour me with passionate Expressions of his Love.

O. Mer. I thought so, pray proceed

Mirtil. Ah! then take all; I own I love him too, and now you have a secret out, which nothing but your Commands could ever have forced from me; I love him, Sir, yet knowing my Condition, modest regard of wronging him hereafter by my ill Stars, made my poor famished Heart hold out, though within one short hour of starving

[*sweeps.*]

O. Mer.

O. Mer. This is as I could wish— Come be not sad, the Stars have better aspects than you think, and Fortunes giddy Wheel will soon turn round to seat thee on the utmost Spoke with Honours.

Martil. Ah, do not mock my Wretchedness, dear Father!

O. Mer. Not for the World; come in with me and listen, for I will tell thee wonders; the Minute is near and the blest Hand of Providence to pass thee from thy Labyrinth of Misfortunes holds out a Clue and guides thee on to Happiness. In every Life, the Doom of Fate secures

One Hour to make it blest, and this is yours. *[Exit.*

SCENE III. Enter Amorous and Le Prat.

Amor. Now Monsieur, you see what a Precipice I free'd ye from, and what Reasons I had for my late passionate resentment.

Le Prat. Monsieur, you have made it out dat you have de good reason, and I perceive dat she be de ver dam Jilt, ma foy; and tho I have lost de little Honour in de quarrel, I have save one hundred Guinea morbleau, vith make me ver much amends: But Monsieur, pray observe, I will shew you the finest French Song here dat I learnt dis Morning,—thol loll, loll. *[Sings.*

Amor. 'Dlife, no Song now, dear *Le Prat*, this is our very Minute of Projection; I've just sent for her, go, go, prithee step into that Clofet, and when I call, come and confront her.

Le Prat. Vid all my Heart, and I will practise dis Song all de while dere for fear I should fall asleep. *[Exit into the Clofet.*

Amor. And if there be a subtiler Devil than ordinary, Used by grave Statesmen, or by jilting Whores, Him I invoke t'assist me; here she comes. *[Enter Jiltal and Oyley.*

Jilt. Why that French Fop should fail to come to my Assignment is a Riddle to me, *Oyley.* And to me too, Madam. I'm sure I wound him upright, I wonder he did not strike.

Jilt. Hush, here's th'other Woodcock just falln into the Plash; one at a Shoot must serve, when there's but little Game: my dear, dear *Jackey.* *[Runs to him.*

Amor. Oh my sweet, sweet, sweet— Devil! *[Aside.*

Jilt. But why is my dear Honey, little Puppy-dog come before the hour? hah—

Amor. My dear Life might assure her self, 'twas to do her good; to be short then, you must know that my Uncle just now sent for me.

Jilt. So, dear Monkey, so, so. *[Hugs and clings to him.*

Amor. And sent me word: that upon condition, that I would marry thee to morrow morning, he would seal my Settlement to Night, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Jilt. Ha, ha, ha, ha, an old Fool, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Oyley. Ha, ha, ha, ha—I must laugh too, but 'tis at him; Lord, who would be a Man, to let a Woman abuse him thus? *[Aside.*

Amor. So dear *Betty*, thou knowest I had no reason to defer it, Child there's a thousand pound a year coming, ye dear, sweet, pretty, melting, charming— confounded— *[Aside.*

Jilt. I shall bite ye, Sirrah, I cannot forbear, I shall bite your Nose off if you come near me: ah *Jackey*, *Jackey*, if ever you should leave me I should dye, I should dye. *[Squeaks in a strange tone, and clings to him.*

Amor. Ah! how the Devil has turn'd her to do mischief; her trebble Violin is just now strung, and every Fop that plays upon't is damn'd.

Le Prat. within. *[Sings aloud Thol, loll, loll, and a bit of a French Song.*

Jilt. How now! What's that? *Oyley.* The Devil sure, it can be nothing else. *Amor.*

Amor. A Plague on him! Now is that French Fool's Head so full of that new Song, he has forgot where he is, and is singing out aloud. You need not go Mrs. Oyley, 'tis one without that came with me to be Witness to the Marriage upon occasion, or so.

Filt. I vow, I was terribly frightened at the sound; I don't use to hear any Man's Voice, but thine *Jackey*, so near my Bed-Chamber.

Amor. Kind *Berry*,—No, a Box take ye, I find they all ne'd to come in. [*Aside.*]

Oyley. There's an Oagle now, there's an Oagle, as well worth two Guineas between Turk and Jew, as one shilling's worth another.

Filt. And will you marry me to morrow morning then *Jackey*?

Amor. Will I! ah thou shalt find, I'll do more for thee than that; come give Mrs. Oyley the Key, and bid her fetch the Settlement out of the Cabinet quickly, I suppose a Joynture of five hundred a ye ar may do as well.

Filt. I can't give it her, I vow I can't, I'm ashamed,—I vow I am.

Amor. Oh fie! you must not trifle now, the Time waits; Mrs. Oyley take it from her.

Oyley. Pray, Madam, since the noble Squire will have it so—

Amor. That Bitch takes me for a Cully too, I find by her Squirring me.—[*Aside.*]
Hast got it? go, go, make hast then.

Filt. Indeed *Jackey*, I shall dye for thee. [*Languiſhing.*]

Filt. I vow I shall. [*In a Tone.*]

Filt. I shall never live to be brought to Bed, I'm afraid I shall have two this time—I swear, I believe I shall.

Amor. So! here's Generation for ye! One Joynture has begot two Bastards in half a quarter of an Hour. [*Aside.*]

Jiltal puts her Fan before her Face.
Enter Oyley with the Settlement.

Oyley. Here 'tis Sir, and Heavens bleſs ye for your Love to her.

Amor. Umph—I think indeed this is my erring Scrawl.

Oyley. Yes indeed is it, I was witness to't, 'tis your very hand, Sir.

Amor. You are also Witness to this then, [*Tears the Settlement.* What d'ee start Bawd!

Filt. Zoons, what does he mean? [*Putting her Fan aside.*]

Amor. Oh, Madam! be not afrighted I beseech ye, it may chance to make ye miscarry of your two Babes; there's what I know will please ye—'tis your Joynture, Madam, your Ladyship understands the short-hand. [*Gives her the Letter.*]

Filt. My Letter to the Frenchman—Oh Confusion! I'm undone.

Amor. There is no Witness yet, but I'll call one; Allons Monsieur approach!
Enter Le Prate from the Cloſes.

Le Prate. Sharming, and fair, and most extraordinary your very most humble and oblig'd Servitude; Tholl, loll—

Oyley. D'sife, if this be true, I must into wollen stockins agen. [*Amorous Laughs.*]

Le Prate. Madam, the Deevil take me, if I am not ver sorry—dat—

Filt. Hell take thee, burn the World, and perish Nature! [*Rages about.*]

Amor. Faith, Madam, I confess I've been your hindrance, the Monsieur had a Hundred Guineas for ye, but that I told him my Whore took no money. As for your Babes of Grace, if they chance to be born naked, and have not back and breast on like the Troop, I'll give ye something to buy Blankets, and so adieu, thou Wretched—

Le Prate. Impudent. [*Dances up and down.*]

Le Prate. Pockey. [*In another song.*]

Le Prate. Common. [*Amor. Mercenary.*]

Amor. 'Benceless, and what's yet worse, Ingrateful Where,

And Curse me Heaven, if e're I love thee more.

[*Exeunt.*

Oyley. Nay, y're right enough serv'd, could you think to have an intrigue with a Frenchman, but that all the Town shou'd know't?

Jilt. Oh! That I were a Witch now for a minute, or knew the means to be so; I've heard of Bonds written with Blood and Charms, that have by that made mischief prosperous, would some revengeful Power would tempt me once, hah!

Enter Old Rakehell.

I'me wishing for the Devil, and here he comes as pat, as he were sure to have my Soul beforehand; oh— for a Female Plot now to o'reach this subtle *Amor*, and make his Wit out-witted, the Omen appears fair, let me Consider.

Rake. I'me sure I saw my Nephew come this way, but where to find him amongst this Warren of Conney Burrows, is a Work past my Skill; I bolted into one of their holes just now, and there were two of three young bounding Girls stark naked, going to wash themselves in a Tub; 'gad I thought I should have lost my Eyesight, or at least been us'd like *Astrea*, but that as it happen'd there were no Hounds about me. A plague on't, I can't find the way down neither, and I am damnably afraid of falling into that *Indian* Tygers Quarters again.

Jilt. I have it, go *Oyley* and tell him I'de speak with him, and thou dear Devil of Female subtilty, if e're thou wert our Sexes Benefactor, assist me now.

[*Oyley claps him on the back,*

Oyley. Sir, my Lady would speak with ye.

Rake. Oh! Gad's bud, I'me fallen into the Devil's paws, with seeking to avoid 'em; Oh pray young Gentlewoman inform your Lady that the Writings are ready, I'll Seal to night, and 'tis no matter for speaking with her; alas, you know she's mad.

Oyley. Mad, pray Sir, come nearer, and be undeceiv'd. Mad, did you say?

Jilt. Sir *Rowland*, I could ne're have thought a man of your Sense could be so grossly impos'd upon, without perceiving it.

Rake. How's this—

Jilt. Lord, Sir, you shun me as I were a Ghost, but I find this is your Nephews Trick, and I can't blame ye, he would have Trick'd me too, Sir, had I not watch'd him.

Rake. She talks well now, but if this should be a calm fit of the Devil in her, only to get time to put the Dagger into my guts, 'gad I'll keep my distance yet for all her Coaking.

Oyley. Now work but thy part Devil, we are made agen:

[*Aside.*

Jilt. I had design'd to send to ye this morning, Sir, to tell ye how this base ungrateful Fellow, this Prodigal your Nephew has abus'd ye; nay, not only you but me, by making me affront one of your merit; but, Sir, I ask you now ten thousand Pardons.

Rake. This must be madness, for I can find no sence in it.

Jilt. I had at first, 'tis true, as it was reasonable, some ill thoughts of ye, but now have much the better; his Plots are all unravell'd, and by substantial information now, I find 'twas he that sold me to the *Indies*.

Rake. 'Twas so, Madam, oh he's a dam'd Kidnabbing wicked Fellow, 'gad I'll take heart and close in with her while the Fit lasts.

Jilt. 'Twas by his Plot I acted that mad part when last I saw ye, much against my own good nature, but I have found his Villanies out since, how he design'd to gull me to a Marriage, and yoh out of a Settlement; 'tis plain now, and I was sending too this very morning, to beg ye not to Seal.

Rake.

Rake. Goll'ooks, what's this I hear? Why hark ye, Madam, are not you really mad then?

Filt. Mad, indeed such injuries were enough to make me so; but, Sir, I hope my Eyes will resolve that doubt; besides, if you doubt my sence, you shall hear me sing a Song of my own making.

SONG.

Royal and Fair, Great Willy's dear Blessing,
the Charging Regent of the Swains;
Heavy with Care, thus sadly Expressing
Her grief, sat weeping on the Plains:
Why did my Fate Exalt me so high,
If fading State must deprive me of Joy?
Since Willy is gone,
Ah! how vainly shines the Sun,
Till Fates decree, the Winds and Sea
Wash, wash him to me.

II.

Large are my Flocks, and flowry my Pastures,
Worth Treasures vast of Silver and Gold;
Where Ravenous Wolves too, fain would be Masters,
Devour all my Lambs, and break down my Fold:
Willy whilst here, secur'd me from fear,
All the wild Herd stood in awe of my Dear;
But poor helpless I,
Mourning Sigh, and hourly Cry
Let Fates decree, the Winds and Sea
Wash Willy to me.

Rake. A most admirable Creature, and if I may be so bold, Madam, have you never a Dagger under your Petticoats, nor nothing?

Filt. Nothing that will hurt you, Sir: alas! that Dagger was given me by him to Act my part with; Oh he has abus'd us both inhumanly, but we'll be even with him now, Sir, shall we not?

Rake. Shall we not? 'gad, Madam, say but a word more, and I'll have him hang'd at your door before to-morrow night; here's luck, I thought I had got a Devil, 'wons 'tis a Cherubin of Cherubins. [Aside.]

Filt. There's time enough to punish him, but he shall see us laugh at him first; give me your hand, will you be true to me, and revenge me on that wicked fellow?

Rake. Most vigorously——

Filt. And take me, and my whole Fortune for your pains.

Rake. Most thankfully——

[Kneels.]

Filt. There's a Bargain made, then go and get a black Coat, I'll marry ye immediately.

Rake. My Genius, my Soul, my Spirits, I have not breath enough to speak my joy, Oh that I could flye now, my Legs cannot carry me half fast enough, now would some honest Topping Priest would come flattering like a Swallow down the Chimney, I must try and get one presently, for fear the cool again.

See in the World how strangely things are carried,

I thought I should be hang'd, and now am to be Married. [Exit Laughing.]

[Jiltal Strutting.] } So now let the History my Annals grace,
} Mine is the Wreath, and Matchivil's an As.

Oyley. Three Thousand Pounds a year, in three short minutes your Wit has gain'd; hah! hah! hah! 'd'life I could leap out of my skin methinks.

Filt. Besides that poor dull wretched fellow Amorous stript out of all, in spite of all his Cunning; this now is prosperous mischief, and I am proud to see my Conquering Brain o'come Mankind.

Let each Miss-Keeper take this for a Rule, | Whilst her Sence yields to his, the day's his own,
To get one Young, and if he can, a Fool: | But if he's once Out-witted, he's undone. [Exit.]

A C T V. Scene I. Chelsey.

Enter Old Meriton, and Boy.

O. Mer. **W**Here did you leave Sir Rowland, Boy?

Boy. At an Ale-House, Sir, just by the Church, waiting for Mr. Stiffnump our Parson, and he desires ye to go presently to his House, and or-

der his Servants to trick it up neatly, and provide a good Supper against Twelve a Clock, and then he'll come and impart t'ye an Extraordinary Affair that has happen'd to him.

O. *Mer.* Well, go, Sirrah, and tell him it shall be done, but there, [*Ex. Boy.* shall be other Guests there to eat it than he imagines; what he means by his extraordinary Affairs, I know not; 'tis enough for me to have brought my own so near to perfection. I have left the Lovers within, cooing like a pair of Turtles, having extremely surpriz'd her with a discovery this Morning, that she is worth Fifty Thousand Pounds: Here she comes, so embarrass'd still between hope and fear, that she is even in pain to hear of her good Fortune—Come, come, Madam, are ye ready?

Enter Young Merriton and Mirrilla.

It begins to grow late.

Mirr. Alas! Whither must I go? you have so surpris'd me with this strange News, that did I not know you to be a Man of Honour, I should believe you spoke it to abuse me.

O. *Mer.* D'ye doubt my honesty? have I deserv'd this from ye?

Mirr. Oh! no, Sir. And pray be not angry for my diffidence; to fear is natural to our Sex; besides, Sir, fifty Thousand Pounds is such a Sum methinks!

O. *Mer.* As great a Sum as 'tis, you still outweigh it—And what I've said I'll justify. Give me your hand; you must now change your Lodging, as we go on I'll tell ye more—Come, Will. [*Exeunt.*

Y. *Mer.* 'SDeath, Fifty Thousand Pounds; why, 'tis worse than Witchcraft to her; half that Sum shall convert any Woman in England into a Peacock, and make her so proud of her own Tail, there would be no enduring her: I warrant she thinks now that I'll crawl on my Hands and Feet to purchase her; but she shall find she is deceived;—Love may oblige me to a slavish Duty, but Fortune never shall. [*Ex. Y. Mer.*

Enter Coopee and Semibreif with a Ladder.

Coop. Come, Brother Fortune-Stealer, help along with the Ladder: I hope this will prove more lucky than our last Plot; for methinks the Moon favours us very well. How goes the Night?

Semibr. The School-Bell has just rung Nine, the Chickens within are all going to Roost, and as full I warrant of Bread and Butter, Milk, Posset, and Cawdle, as a Woman in Childbed, that has but just three days lain in.

Coop. Oh, here's the Balcony, now for the Sign. [*Squeaks through a Catcall.*

Enter Miss Jenny above.

Miss J. Whose there? *Coop.* 'Tis I, dear Miss, 'tis I. [*Squeaks again.*

Miss J. Who, Mr. Coopee?

Coop. The same, the same, my dear, sweet, little, pretty—

Miss J. Oh, Law, oh, Law; but how shall I get down t'ye tho'?

Coop. Oh, easily, easily, my dear. Look here, I've brought a Ladder for thee.

Semibr. So, so, I see you are in a pretty posture; I'll go now and see how Affairs stand at the Cellar Window. [*Exit Semibr.*

Miss J. A Ladder! Oh good! What, and must I act Love with a Ladder then?

Coop. A Ladder? you must do any thing for your poor Hubby that is to be; have you got the Packthread?

Miss J. Yes, I warrant ye; what d'ye think I would forget any thing? But will you be sure to marry me to night then?

Coop. To night! presently, Child, as soon as ever thou get'st off the Ladder; why, the Parson stays for thee. Miss J.

Miss J. There 'tis then; I vads he Man's stay for me; I'm better bred than so, I warrant ye. *[Throws down the Paskibread, and he rises it to the Rope.*

Coop. So, now put it round the Bar of the Window, and then let me alone to hoist it up.

Miss J. There, Oh, Gemini, what a pretty trick is this. — But, dear Mr. Coopee, when we are married, what must we do afterwards, I wonder.

Coop. Afterwards, why then we must go to Bed, my Dear.

Miss J. Go to bed? well, and I vads that will be very pretty; but what must we do after that pray, dear Mr. Coopee?

Coop. After that, why? —

Miss J. Ay, there's the thing now, Mr. Coopee; what must we do after that?

Coop. Why, do but get upon the Ladder, and come down my Dear, I'll tell thee presently.

Miss J. Will ye? well, and so I will I vads; I'll be with ye in a twinkling.

[Is getting upon the Ladder, and Crowhik comes and takes hold of her.

Crow. Will ye so Gentlewoman.

Pray let me have an account of your Journey first.

Miss J. Oh law, what shall I do now? *[Sings to Coopee out of tune.*

Sings.] Go, go, Friend below, I'm taken, I'm taken,
Ye little Knave, get off, and save your Bacon, your Bacon.

Crow. Here are rare doings; what, you are going to be married, are ye? but I'll help yet to a Husband in the Morning. A good Rod, Huffle, that shall act Love with ye, better than the Fool below there.

Miss J. Well, well, I will have a Husband, I'm resolv'd on't, do what you can: And if you offer to whip me, I'll tear your Eyes out, so I will.

Crow. Go, get ye in, ye great Ramp. I'll lock her into her Sister's Room below Stairs, for to night, there's no Balcony there. O'D'sife, was there ever such a contrivance? We shall have all our Girls stole out o'th' School by Baskets full, if this trade hold; but I'll prevent it to Morrow. Get ye in, Huffle. *[Ex. Crow.*

Coop. Ah, plague of my damn'd luck: If this Devil had staid but a minute longer, I had got my Fortune upon my back, a lumping penaiworth, by this time: But now, as the Devil will have it, must leave my Dowry that I have so long moulded for my own Cake, to be mumbled by the Chops of another: Pox on't, we us'd to be more prosperous in these Intreagues; and if any of these raw Tits can bolt out of their Warren at any time, 'tis ten to one but your Greyhound, Dancing-Master, or your Lurching Songster has the first snap at 'em. 'Tis a poor loving Fool, this; and o' my Conscience will be very constant to me; and if we can but contrive another Assignment, then if I lose her —

Enter Semibrief hastily.
Sembr. Hift, hift, Coopee, come along with me presently.

Coop. Phoo, prithee let me alone, I am very unfit for another Intreague now. A Pox on't, I have lost my own.

Sembr. Ye lie, ye lie, ye Rogue; she's surer than ever. Crowhik has just now lock'd her up into a low Room, where my little Butterprint was watching for me, who as soon as ever she was gone, puts back the Lock, gets out, and they are now both together yonder at the Cellar Window.

Coop. Ha! what dost thou say, both, what, my little Cakebread too!

Sembr. Ay, ay, ye Dog, come quickly, and let's help 'em out.

Coop. 'Dsheart, this was beyond expectation. Run, run, run, run. *[They run out.*

Follow

Enter young Bragg, dressed like a Granadeer.

Y. Brag. If I had not run away from this old Dog Father of mine just now when he was drunk and fell asleep, I had been detach'd in the Morning amongst the Granadeers, and shipp'd for the Expedition in Ireland; my fine Rigging's all gone, he has damn'd, that is burnt, the very Soul of my Coat, the Lace; and my Embroyder'd Breeches hang out at a Broker's in Drury Lane; by this time, he hath taken up with the Money they yielded, a whole Firkin of Brandy, a Hog's-head of Red Herrings, two dozen of Tobacco, and half a hundred of *Cheshire* Cheese: For my part, I believe he's turn'd Conjuror, and lays up Provision for some Famine or other that is to come. If I should appear before my Lady in this Cap, with this Cypher upon't, I were no more a Man of this world; she would fly upon me like a Cat in a Closer, and the tokens of my Manhood would be in a very desperate Condition.

Re-enter Coopee, and Semibreit, with Miss Jenny, and Molly muffled, they cross the Stage hastily.

Semibr. Come along, along, my dear, dear little Chicken.

Y. Brag. Ha, That's *Semibreit's* voice; who are those with him?

Molly. Well, you tell me you'll make me a Woman too night. But I vads my heart goes a pitt a patt about it; for I've been told a Maid goes through a great deal of trouble before she comes to be a Woman; and if you should chance to kill me—

Semibr. Kill thee; ha, ha, ha, never fear it, my Dear. [*Jenny drops a Baby.*]

Y. Brag. By Heaven, my little Boarding-School-Spouse that should ha' been.

Jenny. Oh law, my Baby, my Baby——I've lost my Baby.

Coop. Ah, 'Tis no matter if thou hadst lost it, I'll get thee a better Baby my Dear.

Y. Brag. 'Tis so, the Romps are both stole from the School to night; and I am luckily the first discoverer. Ple dog 'em, and then run and inform my Lady; this, with some swinging lye or other may chance to re-instate me in her favour, and get me other Rigging. For to say truth, I'm damnably ashamed of this; well, Fortune prosper, I have but small hopes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. [*A Room with Table and Bottles.*]

Enter Lady Addleplott sitting, Lady Stroddle, Nicompoop arm'd back and breast, and Le Prate in Jack Boots.

L. Addle. SO, so, the Rising's up, and I think we are all fitted: and since you have done me the honour to chuse me for your Colonel, you shall find me ready to push forward, I warrant ye.

Le Prat. Madam, mine Horse is ready, let us go to night, begar.

Le Strod. Methinks Mr. Deputy looks very like an Officer too.

Nicom. Oh lack, no seriously, I make but an indifferent Figure: I profess I never wore a Sword in my life before, but once at a Training: 'Od so, I've forgot my Scaberd. [*Exit.*]

L. Addle. An Officer! I vow, my Lady *Stroddle*, I'm ashamed of him; he'll ne're be fit for any thing but to carry the Match.

L. Strod. But, Madam, I don't see the Captain here all this while.

L. Addle. Ah, there's another: I beseech ye, Madam, don't name him; he's found to be the greatest Rascal in Town, a poor beggerly Fellow; they say he was formerly a Black-Smith; but what has made me utterly discard him, is, the Villain has had the impudence to brag of Favours; and you know, Madam, if once they do that——

L. Strod. Ah, that's insufferable; but really he was a lusty Fellow.

Enter

Enter Tearshift with Lady Addleplott's Rigging and Jack Bots, and a Paper in her hand.

Tearsh. Oh, Madam, here's your Ladiships Rigging, and the account of the *Kentish Rising*: The Captain of the Party has sent ye the particulars.

L. Addle. Oh, that's good; I thought I should hear to night. Come let's peruse it, and drink their healths, hum, hum. *[They sit down.]*

An Impartial Account of the Mutineers that have risen since Friday last. Very good. *Imprimis.* Of Officers and others, that deserted through scruple in the last Reign, and have now deserted through another scruple in this, Two Hundred and Threescore. Here's a Pint Glass, their Healths, my Lady *Strodde*. Of Monks, Dominicans, Franciscan Friars, and Jesuits, that herd amongst Quakers, Fanaticks, Independents, and Fifth Monarchy Men, Fifty Nine.

Oh, fy, that's but few. *L. Strod.* Alas! Good Men, they have made hard shift,

L. Addle. Pray observe, Madam, of Loyal Tory Rory Whores in and about London——Ten Thousand——'Dlife, give me the Bottle.

L. Strod. Ah, blessing on their Hearts. Gad 'tis pity they should have that scandalous name given 'em; the Creatures have always been very serviceable to our Party

Le Prat. Ah, 'tis certain, de Whore do ver mush good in de turn of Government: dey haunt de Play-house, and shatt, and make a de noyce, ah, begar, they are ver serviceable.

L. Addle. Serviceable; ay, you'd say so if you knew all: Why, they are the chief Tools we work with; why, these Ten Thousand Whores now shall draw as many Fools to 'em in a Months time, and that will make a considerable Army. We'll be gone by break of day, Madam.

L. Strod. With all my heart, Madam. I'm ready at a minute. I hope we shall have Mass open again some time or other *[Enter Old Brag, Drunk.]*

O. Brag. A Son of a Whore to run away from his Colours, almost before he was well Listed, 'oons I'll hang him my self, I'll make him ride the Wooden-Horse twelve hours together, with a dozen of Musquets ty'd to each Leg——Let me see, this is the House I'm sure——I'll make bold to beat up her Ladships Quarters for once, I know the Rogue is crept in. here.

L. Addle. See the careless Baggage, this is your leaving the door open.

L. Strod. And when we are Caballing too, Oh fye Mrs. *Tear-shift*, this is a great fault indeed, d'lise we shall be discover'd.

L. Addle. Let me go my Lady *Strodde*——you shall see me lay the Rascal's Soul at my foot the first push.

Le Prat. Ah! Madam, it must not be, I will demand de Combat my self, I will Challenge him to morrow morning, I will bring you his heart for your Dinner, instead of de French Capon, and his guts shall serve instead of de Sawfage about it.

O. Brag. That must be the French Admiral by his bragging, ugh; and the Rogue carries the *Bastile* about him; you take out my guts for Sawfages, Sirrah? Sirrah y'are the Son of a Whore, and I'll make a National Quarrel out.

Le Prat. Vell, Vell, I remember, Rascal, I remember.

[O. Brag. sings.] Remember ye Prigs what was formerly done.

O. Brag. Where is this Rascal got now? I'll ferret him out of your holes i'faith, I'll find out your Ladships ugh by places, I'll have him if he be above ground. *[Exit Old Brag.]*

L. Addle

L. Addle. Go, *Tearshift* after him; and let my Footmen use him as their discretion. [Enter *Nicompoop*, and *Young Bragg*.]

Nicom. Oh! Madam, here's the saddest News you ever heard. Your Ladships fine Daughter *Jenny*, and my ungracious *Molly* are both stole out to night from the Boarding-School, with *Coopee* and *Semibrief*.

L. Addle. Hah! what says the fellow?

Le Prat. Ha, ha, ha—dis is de Captain, de Blacksmith, and now turn'd *Granadeer*, begar.

T. Brag. Madam, I hope your Ladyship will excuse my disguise, but what Mr. Deputy says is very true, I dog'd 'em my self, and have told him wherethey are.

L. Addle. This ever comes of these plaguy Boarding-Schools, the Girls are always snap'd up by some Piping or Capring Fellow or other, if they are worth any thing—Come my Lady *Sirrodille*, my Bowels yearn for the Jade, however I must go see whether she is undone or no.

Y. Brag. Ah! dear Madam, what must I expect from your Ladyships favour—

L. Addle. Who's there? bid some body give the Blacksmith here a Tester, and let him have my Custom for shoeing my Coach-Horses—Come Monsieur, come let's go.

L. Sirrod. And pray let us make haste Colonel, for you know the Rising is of greater concern to us than Children or Parents either.

Le Prat. Ah *Morbleau*, is it dere be de ver much difference? [Exit.

Y. Brag. Give the Blacksmith a Tester, 'tis so, she's in the right, faith, for I have work'd at the Forge many a time, 'till I have earn'd is very dearly.

Enter *Tearshift*.

Ah dear Mrs. *Tearshift* I'm undone, my Lady has quite thrown me off, this old Scoundrel Father of mine has utterly ruin'd me.

Tearshift. Why then ye have the means now to be reveng'd on him, for yonder he lies Drunk, and a sleep upon the Cellar stairs, and my Ladies Footmen are going to dress him up like a Dominican Friar, and as soon as he wakes intend to expose him to the Mob, I'm sorry I can't stay to see the sport—for I must after my Lady. [Exit.

Y. Brag. Gad I'm glad of this however, for now will I be reveng'd of the Old Dogbolt—Ple go and enter my self amongst the Mob immediately, Ple be the Foreman of his Jury 'faith— [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter O. Merriton, Y. Merriton, *Mirtilla*, *Coopee*, *Semibrief*, *Molly*, *Jenny*, and *Parion*.

O. Mer. Now, Madam, I hope you are satisfied, I'll therefore leave ye in Possession, and go and get a Guard for our further Assistance. Gentlemen stand to your Post, you know your own Ladies are at stake.

Coop. Doubt not, Sir, we are very happy to meet you, to give us this Protection.

Semi. We'll defend our Fortunes now we have got 'em, I'll warrant ye Sir—

Come Domine, you are one of our Party. [To the Parion, and Exit.

O. Mer. 'Tis well, and I'll be with ye presently. [Ex. O. Mer.

Mirtil. I hope, Sir, you'll defend your Fortune too?

Y. Mer. My Fortune is not worth defending, Madam.

Mirtil. How, Sir, not worth defending—is my price fallen then?

Y. Mer. Your price, ah no, I spoke of my own Fortune; your value, Madam, is inestimable, young, fair, and witty, Fifty Thousand Pounds too, and much good may it d'ye, I am not envious. Mirtil.

Mirtil. All which I freely give to your dispose, Sir.

T. Mer. By no means, Madam, I am no Usurer; your wisdom will do better to signify this to your Goldsmith, he'll manage your full Baggs to an advantage, for my own part I deal in Hearts, not Money.

Mirtil. My heart, Sir is yours, for now I can give it nobly, I've wealth enough.

Y. Mer. But I, alas, have not enough for you: I think 'twas once your saying.

Mirtil. And do you then refuse me for a Saying?

T. Mer. The Rich require no love, they expect reverence, and you see I keep my distance: When we were equal, then I lov'd ye dearly, I durst be bold then, now you are above me.

Mirtil. I am not proud, Sir.

T. Mer. Not to your own thinking, a Woman's pride is just like one that squints, she seldom thinks she has the imperfection, because she never sees it.

Mirtil. Are not you proud now, to refuse a Blessing so strangely thrown upon ye? pray consider, Sir, are you not damnably proud?

T. Mer. I have a noble fullness of Soul, not proud, I never was a Slave to the Bawd Fortune, nor am I to be pufft up with her Benefits.

Mirtil. Must then your bravery of mind be shown to all the World but me, ah! where is now the Love you once protested?

T. Mer. Here in my breast, my heart is full of it; but, Madam, you would never entertain it, you set my heart still on the score of Fortune, 'twas not to be oblig'd to you but her; 'tis true, you argued prettily upon it, but too wise reasoning, shews too little Love.

Mirtil. All Love without is madness.

Y. Mer. Rapture you mean, and in that Rapture, Heaven, 'tis the Soul's general good enjoy'd in common, as well by the naked Beggar, as the Monarch; Fortune's a gift particular to Fools, to make amends for the Soul's gross defects, the blind work of Predestination, what must be, must be.

Mirtil. I never yet did with the Gifts of Fortune only to give 'em you.

T. Mer. You should have given your self, in you was fortune, each precious minute you deferr'd my happiness, was greater loss than Fortune could repay me, now 'tis your Charity—I take it basely, 'tis Fifty Thousand Pounds given as an Alms.

Mirtil. You are shrewdly hurt, to take the Alms of Love thus warmly heap'd in Gold——Come, come, you jest with me, you cannot leave me so.

T. Mer. Not so, I've yet some generous services to pay ye, when you are settled, then I'll tell ye more.

Mirtil. And more I hope to th' purpose.

T. Mer. It may be so, mean time please to retire, here's Company coming, I should be a fool indeed, if I should lose thee for all my seeming fullness, I know she's fast, therefore play this game, that hereafter she mayn't twit me with her benefits, Riches corrupt the Mind, some Women must be serv'd so.

Enter Amorous laughing, with a Scrivener.

Here comes Amorous, whose merry tone will be turn'd too very suddenly.

Hah Jack, well met, thou'st very merry, I see, by which I guess the World goes well——hah——

Amor. Beyond my expectation, faith. Dear Rogue, I have stript Jiltall, taken

H

away

away her Settlement, and torn it; and have now brought this honest Fellow with Deeds here that give me a thousand a year, which my Uncle has this night promis'd to Seal. Ha, ha, ha.

T. Mer. So; why, thou wert wrapt in thy Mother's Smock, sure, for thy luck: But prithee what is become of the Jilt now?

Amor. Why, thou wilt find her selling of Walnuts by the Fleet Ditch within these two days; footing of Stockings is above her level; she has not left a Ninepence to buy Materials.

Enter Jilt all richly dress'd, with Oyley, and three Footmen with Lights.

T. Mer. Dslike, prithee look, is not that she yonder?

Amor. No, that must be the Devil who has taken her likeness, and comes I believe with a design upon my Person. [Stands amaz'd]

Jilt. Methinks *Oyley*, the Coach is not easie enough, I'll have the Cushions alter'd, and the Velvet finer; I'll have Six Horses too, I find every tawdry Gentlewoman has a couple.

Oyley. 'Tis true, Madam; and methinks your Ladyships Liveries are not fine enough neither.

Jilt. No, they have too much of the dull City Air; I'll make Sir Rowland change 'em. I'll have my Pages Coat cover'd with Gold Lace, and lin'd with Tissue.

T. Mer. Is this she that was selling Walnuts by the Fleet Ditch?

Amor. Damn her, this can be nothing but bouncing; you shall see me go and teize her about the Settlement.

Jilt. What makes Sir Rowland stay so long, *Oyley*?

Oyley. He's only talking with Mr. Dogsears the Parson a little, Madam, he'll be with ye presently.

Amor. Hoh, old Acquaintance; what, I see thou keep'st up still, I see thou wilt not want Rigging whilst there's a Cully in the Town.

Jilt. What means the Fellow? Who is this Rascal, *Oyley*?

Oyley. Some pitiful Shaggrag or other, Madam, of *Assasia*, that wants to be kick'd by your Ladyships Footmen.

Amor. Do I so, eternal Common-snoar? No, they'll better serve for your Bitchships Recreation in the Larder at night. But, *Betty*, prithee why so resty? Lord, you Whores with Settlements are so Proud, ha, ha, ha.

Jilt. If I did not know thee to be a Fool, and not worth a Groat, I would ruine thee for that word. Hark ye, do you pretend to know me, Sirrah?

Amor. Cry ye Mercy, faith, may be I am bewitched and mistaken: but the Devil take me, if you do not look as like to a confounded Jilt of my acquaintance as one Thumb looks like another. Do'st hear, prithee, honest Fellow, who is that Lady? ha!

Foot. Who is it? why, 'tis my Lady *Rakehell*: Sir Rowland will fleece your Coat, I can tell ye that, if he comes and sees ye sawcy with her. [To a Footman.]

Amor. Lady *Rakehell*, and Sir Rowland, what a Devil does this mean!

T. Mer. This cunning Jilt has counterplotted him, by Heaven; I find it.

Amor. Why, heark ye, Fubbs, prithee how came thy Name to be alter'd? ha.

Jilt. 'Tis a disgrace to me to tell thee; but since 'tis the only honour I ever intend to do thee, know, Sirrah, I'm your Aunt, I am married to your Uncle, Sirrah.

Amor. Oons, married to my Uncle!

Oyley.

Oyley. Ay, ay, married to your Uncle, Sirrah; what a Pox, won't the Fellow be answered?

Amor. 'Dheart, ye Jade, deny it again, and quickly, or I will have no more mercy on thee than—— [Takes her by the Throat.]

Oyley. Help, help, Murder, Murder.

Enter Rakehell.

Rake. What's this I see, my Rascally Nephew abusing Mistress Oyley? Sirrah, hands off, or I'll run my Sword in your Guts. What is your meaning for this Rogue? ha!

Amor. Meaning, why, Sir, the impudent Quean would face me down that you were married to *Filtall* my *quondam* Whore there.

Rake. How, Sirrah, your Whore? Stand off, let me come to him, he shall never speak again, by this Blade.

Filt. Now for my last Game cunningly. [Aside.] No, dear Sir Rowland, for my sake spare him now, because 'tis our Wedding day; 'tis true, he has been sawcy, and wicked, ungracious, and impudent, but let him scape for once, do dear, sweet, hony Sir Rowland, Alas! you know the poor Fellow is crack-brain'd.

[She strokes and fawns on Sir Rowland.]

Amor. Or shall be presently, 'faith, if this hold.

Well, Sir, to the discovery of that another time: Here the Scrivener has brought the Deed you order'd; will you please to go in and Seal?

[Shews the Deed, and Rakehell strikes it out of his hand.]

Rake. Seal, 'oons ye Blockhead, I've married The Heiress, what a Devil should I Seal?

Amor. Why to the Thousand Pounds a Year you promis'd me, what a plague have ye forgot?

Rake. I'll not give thee a Groat, get the Pox, take the Highway, Rob, come to the Gallows, and be damn'd, a fair riddance——

Filt. Alas, if my dear Husband here should Seal to the Settlement, in one of your mad fits, Cousin, you'd tear it some time or other.

Amor. A Pox Cousin ye,——I'm resolv'd this Devil shall never carry it off so, however; why then, Sir, I must tell ye, that you are cheated too, for she's no more the right Heiress than I am, but, as I told ye before, my Cast off Wench, and her Name is *Filtall*——

Filt. Ay, make him believe that if thou canst, Fool [Aside to Amorous.] Ha, ha, ha, d'ye hear him, Sir, d'ye hear him;

Rake. Ay, ay——A Pox on him, but I'll not endure this; I'll send the Dog to *Bedlam* to-morrow——but come, my Dear——Supper stays for us——thou'rt welcome now to thine own House——Sirrah, go and get open the door;

[Footman goes to the Door, and young Merriton interposes.]

Y. Mer. Who would you speak with, Friend? Have you any business here——

Foot. Business here, Sir, yes that I have.

Y. Mer. To me then.

Foot. To you? I've nothing to say to you, my Business is with the Porter.

Y. Mer. I am the Porter.

Rake. How, now, Sir, you the Porter, pray since when, I never entertain'd ye that I remember?

Y. Mer. The Lady of the House has, that's enough, Sir.

Jilt. Who, I? what does he mean, I never entertain'd him, not I.

Y. Mer. You never did, indeed; alas, how should ye? you are not the Lady of the House——

Rake. No, Sir, then I hope you'll give me leave to be Lord on't, I hope I may come in?

Y. Mer. Not a Foot further, Sir, my Lady has given orders to the contrary.

Rake. A pox on your Lady, what have I to do with her; 'oons, must not I bring my Wife into my own House for her?

Y. Mer. You may if you please, Sir, but this is none of it, this is my Ladies House.

Amor. I believe *Merriton* has contriv'd this trick for my sake; come dear Will, shall I come in then, dear Rogue?

Y. Mer. Nor you neither, Sir, I must beg your pardon.

Amor. Pardon, prithee what dost thou mean, is the Devil in thee?

Rake. Hey day! here's another madd Puppy——the Town swarms with 'em now as thick as Wasps in Summer; what ho——whose within there, Old *Merriton*——Orthodox, Pew-pimp, where are ye in the Devil's Name?

Enter Old Merriton with Guard at distance.

O. Mer. To one of my Names I answer, what's your pleasure, Sir?

Rake. 'Oons, to go in, Sir——and to carry in this sweet Lady, Sir, quick, quick, ye old Homily, I've wonders to tell thee, Rogue.

O. Mer. I have wonders to tell you, Sir *Rowland*.

Rake. A pox o' thy wonders, thou hast 'em all out of the *Apocrypha*, I'll not hear one of 'em before Supper; 'sbud, open the Door there.

Jilt. What can be the meaning of this?

O. Mer. You will not force, Sir, into a Ladies House without her leave?

Rake. A Ladies House——ha, ha, ha, old *Deutrinomy's* mad too, or has the old Hypocrite got a Whore into my House, and lovingly given her the Possession?

O. Mer. No, Sir, the Lady within is the right Owner of the House, Sir *William Wealthy's* Daughter; she, you and I kidnab'd to the *Indies*, Sir, who has, to tell you the truth, with my Assistance, now made hard shift to get back to seize her own.

Rake. Ha, ha, ha——'tis so, he's Craz'd, poor Religion is stark mad by this light, the Owner within, ye lie, here she stands; speak, my Dear, art not thou the true Heiress——hah, prithee speak and confound the silly Fellow.

Jilt. Why then, if I must speak, not I, Faith, Sir, therefore look to your self.

Rake. Not the Heiress, 'oons, what a Devil art thou then?

Oyley. A very good Gentlewoman, I assure ye, Sir *Rowland*——

Amor. I told ye once before, she's an old Acquaintance of mine, an admirable Backword-player; 'tis true, she's not worth a Groat, but she can knit well, or make Buttons: will you Seal yet, Sir?

Rake. Oh the Devil, I am chous'd, abus'd, undone!

O. Mer. A mistake only in the Woman, Sir, here comes a Lady will clear all.

Enter

Enter Mirtilla.

Your Guardian, Madam——but perhaps you have forgot him.

Mirt. I have, but not his Vices, which I'll not reprove, because I'll leave the Law to do it for me; in the mean time 'tis satisfaction for me that I dare seize my own.

Amor. My little pretty Tit of the Boarding-School, by all that's good, this subtle old Fellow, I find, has fool'd me damnably.

Filt. Her own Furies and Hell, am I then gull'd at last?

Rake. 'Sbud draw, I'll make a forcible entry; I'll not be fool'd thus: Draw, Nephew, and I will Seal.

Amor. Not I; draw to *Newgate*, to *Tyburn*, be Condemned, Carted, Halter'd, Hoisted and Hang'd, if you please, I'll not draw an inch, not I.

O. Mer. Oh, we are ready for ye, Sir; seize on him there, and secure him till the Law determine further.

[*Constable and Guard seize Rake.*]

And now y'are hamper'd, Sir, know that our former Agreement of Spiritting away to th' *Indies* this young Lady, the right Heiress to Sir *William Wealthby*, was always odious to me, which I had then discover'd and secur'd her, had I not known your Crowded Coffers would have out-talk'd my honesty, I therefore took this way, and seeming readily to pack her off, convey'd her privately to a Boarding-School, where the two hundred pounds a Year allow'd me for that honourable Action, I have faithfully laid out on her in Breeding, thus sav'd her from your mischievous Intentions, and well rewarded in the grateful Action.

Rake. I have made a fine days work of this! not so much for losing three thousand a year, as for marrying a three pil'd Whore, for an Heiress—but there's one comfort still, she is not like to get a Groat by me.

Filt. If I had known that, I'd as soon have married the Hangman.

Amor. What does your Ladyship think of a Page now, cover'd with Gold-Lace, and lin'd with Tissue.

Filt. I'd poison him, as I would thee, and all the World.

Oyley. If I did not dream of Woollen Stockens last night, I'me no Christian.

Mirt. The House I stand possess of, and the Writings, which give me Title as my Father's Heir, all which, Sir, being about to choose me a new Guardian, I have offered, nay, with my self, to an ungrateful Man that has refus'd me.

**To old Mer.*

O. Mer. And has he his Wits left?

[*Frowning on his Son.*]

Amor. Whoever, Madam, that stupid Creature is, you shall find me more tractable, and if you please, you may remember, Madam——

[*Brisking up to her, Y. Mer. interposes.*]

Y. Mer. Oh, Sir! this is a Jem too Rich to lose; and, as you say, he must be very stupid, that, kindly proffer'd can deny to wear it—I hope, I may succeed, Madam.

Mirt. I need not speak, my heart too much pleads for ye.

Amor. Pox, fopp'd again, the Devil's in my Fortune, hark'e, Sir, you have chous'd me finely here,

[*To old Mer.*]

O. Mer. Only Wit outwitted, *Jack*, no chouce, I onely diverted thee a little, for my Son's sake; thou know'st Natural affection is unblameable.

Amor. Diverted me! a pretty Epithete, he has diverted me from fifty thousand

sand pounds, with a Pox to him ; a fine diversion indeed——A plague of my shallow Pate.

O. Mer. Mr. Constable, there's your Warrant, go and secure Sir Rowland till further order ; Crimes of this Nature must not be wink'd at, nor can I refuse my Evidence, and be honest.

Rake. Honest ! a Fellow with a Face of thy Levitical Cut, honest ! and a Rogue that knows too, there's no such thing in Nature.

O. Mer. No.

Rake. No ! does not the Forreigner cheat the Country, the Country cheat the City, the City cheat the Courtier, the Courtier cheat the King, the Robber cheat the Fur-Coat, the Fur-Coat cheat the Red-Coat, the Red-Coat cheat the Petty-Coat, the Petty-Coat cheat the Black-Coat, and the Black-Coat cheat us all ! and yet thou pratest of Honesty, Honesty ; prithee Cant, pray on, and be damn'd, for that thou wilt come too for all thy Honesty, and so farewell. [Is carried off.]

Amor. Godbye, Uncle, here's my Settlement in a fine Condition.

T. Mer. Well Jack, thou shalt be no loser by my Fortune, I know thy Ravenous Uncle has suck'd up a great part of thy Estate by means unjust, which we'll return, and set thee up anew ; see, *Betty* smiles at that.

Amor. And shall we fawn, and stroke, and kiss, and spelt at one another again ? Hah, my dear, dear, damn'd Crockadile, hah !

[Embracing her first, then frowns.]

Oyley. Plague on 'em, they laugh at us ; come away, Madam.

Filt. I come ; but I'm resolv'd I'll leave one swinging Curse behind me first.

May Whores lose, thee, and all thy Race, Salvation ;

Breed want, the Pox, Murder, and Desolation ;

And damn ye to the twentieth Generation.

[Exit.]

Amor. Hah, hah, ha ; Adieu Buttock ; and Gad little did I think that ever I should have had the Heart to have said so ; but come, there's an end on't. How now, who have we here, more House-warmers ?

Enter *L. Addleplott, L. Stroddle, Nicompoop, Le Prat, and Tearshift.*

L. Addle. Where is this Wretch, this degenerate Creature, that is so eager for Man before she is capable, this Cub of thirteen, with the Devil in her already ? Where must I find her ? hah !

Nicom. This is the House, an't please your Ladiship.

L. Prat. Dis is de House begar of Sir Rowland Rakehell

Y. Mer. Begar you lie ; and therefore stand further off : Hey, what a Plague, d'ye come to besiege my House ?

L. Prat. Your House, Morbleau ? but dat is ver strange.

Y. Mer. Oh, Sir, strange and true ! Therefore dance your distance.

L. Addle. I hope you are not accessary to the Childrens Rape, Sir ?

Y. Mer. Not I, Faith ; all your Ladiships Children have a better faculty themselves than to want Accessaries.

L. Addle. Very well, Sir ; you may chance to swing for this ; for my Daughter is an Heiress.

Y. Mer. Oh, I'll venture that ; they are within there with two honest ingenious young Fellows, who I think are Married to 'em ; and for my part I could not civilly deny 'em the protection of my House. See, I suppose they have heard your voice, and are come of their own accord.

Enter

Enter Jenny, Molly, Coopee, Semibrief, and Parson.

L. Addle. Ay, ay, there has been some mischief done, I'm sure, for yonder's a Parson with 'em.

L. Addle. D'ye know your Mother, Hussie? Come hither.

Jenny. Oh, but I won't tho, you'll whip me.

Nicom. And hast thou ungraciously taken Man without my leave, Molly?

Molly. Yes indeed have I, therefore hold your self contented.

Semibr. Ay, ay, well said, my Dear.

[Hugs her.]

Jenny. However, whereof I am married, pray, the Man asked Mr. Coopee a Question, and he said ay; and then he ask'd me a Question, and I said ay; and then we both joyned hands together, and so we were married as fast as any thing.

[Coopee hugs her.]

L. Addle. You have not consummated the Jade, and therefore I'll unmarry you again.

Parson. Verily they have done as became them Both, I was an eye witness.

L. Strod. An eye witness! there's a pimping fanatical Rogue for you now.

Molly. Ivads I like it very well, I wish I had been married sooner for my part, for I begin to love Mr. *Semibrief* since we bedded, better than my bread and butter by half.

L. Addle. This comes of putting Girls to a Boarding-School.

Nicom. Ay, they hop, and dance till they set their blood on fire, and then they quench it with the next puddle they come at seriously.

Shout within.] A Rogue, a Fryer, down with him, down with him.

Enter Old Bragg in a Fryers habit, the Mobb after him, and

Young Bragg as their Captain.

Old Bragg. Help, help, Murder, Murder, I'm pursued, I'm taken, I'm kill'd, help, help.

T. Bragg. Oh we'll bring you to life again presently, you old Scoundrel.

Mer. There's Money for ye, I'll purchase his Liberty for once; and d'ye hear, yonder's a better subject for you by half, my Lady there; now you have a rare time to revenge your self, and seize on her and her Party; I know they'r hatching something against the Government.

Young Bragg. I'll do't, fall on friends—By your leave, Madam, I must secure you, you have done as much for me you know many a time: 'tis true, yours was a fairer way, but we Politicians must not value Niceties of honour, we have an Advantage, therefore I, the Blacksmith and Captain confine you Prisoner to the State.

Mobb. And I the Chimney-sweeper a Lieutenant, justifie him in't.

L. Addle. Nay I know the Government's afraid of me, I have been told as much; but for thy own part, look to't that I don't meet thee hereafter, for if I do, if there be a Capon in Christendom I'll make thee one; I'll teach you to disarm the Colonel of the Ladies, you *Limberham's* Rascal you.

L. Strod. If ever we live to see good days again, look to your selves, Rebels.

Le Prat. Or twenty thousand French upon *London-Bridge*, as *Notredame* assure us—den you shall see vat de French can do; den *Mortbleau* you shall se de great Monarch—

Young Bragg. Ah, stop his mouth there, down with him, a French Rascal.

Nicom. Well, I hope we shall have peace for all this, for I am weary of my Buff, seriously.

Old

Old Bragg. And so am I of my Sables, here I'm sure 'd death could they find no other way to disgrace me, but to stink me with an old Fox Hide, and choke me up in the fur of a Fryer, now shall I stink of Popery for this Month at least, which is a worse smell to me, then an Old Jew that is telling a Story, and has just rellish'd his Mouth with a Clove of Garlick.

Old Merr. Come, Madam, your Supper is ready within, where you shall give me leave to drink Prosperity to the King and Government, not forgetting some new Consummations.

Amor. And if I do hapen to be drunk with toping thine and thy blessings Health, there thou'lt be so kind, Friend, as to remember the mortgage in the morning, hah——

Young Mer. Oh never doubt me, I'll not break my Word—and now sweet Angel, my Joys crowd thick about my heart, and long for vent, the approaching happiness looks so like Heaven, that I methinks am extasied already.

Mirtil. Nor is my share of vast Content less Charming.

*In Fortune's brightest Sphere of Bliss I move,
Enjoying Wealth enough, and him I Love.*

[Exeunt omnes.]

FINIS.

